

Greens Arcadia,

OR,

The Triumph of *Love* and *Honour*

Over the Tyranny of

Lust and insulting Fortune.

It being a History as well to inform

as to delight the Understanding.

In which the perfections of innocent and unexampled
Beauties, and the cross Adventures of faithful Lovers, in-
termingled with incomparable Acts of Chivalry,
and the variety of sundry wonderful events
are excellently and most lively
Represented,

By *R. Green*, M^r. of Arts,

Horat.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utili dulci.

He above others best of all doth write,
Who knows with profit how to mix delight.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *G. Purflow*, and are to be sold by *Francis Coles* at
the sign of the Half-Bowl in the Old-Baily. 1657.

THE CHURCH

OF THE

ANGELIC

ORDER

OF THE



TO THE GNTLEMEN STUDENTS OF BOTH UNIVERSITIES.



Courteous and wise, whose judgements
not intangled with envy) enlarge the
deserts of the Learned by your libe-
rall censures, vouchsafe to welcome
your Scholler-like Shepheard with
such University entertainments, as either the nature
of your Bounty, or the custome of your common
Civility may afford. To you he appeals that knew
him *ab extrema pueritia*, whose *placet* he accounts
the *plaud ue* of his pains: thinking his day-labour
was not altogether lavisht *sine linea*, if there be any
thing at all in it, that doth *holere Atticum* in your e-
stimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our grow-
ned Age is grown of late, so that every mechanical
mate abhorreth the English he was born too, and
plucks with a solemne periphrasis, his *ut vales* from
the inkhorn, which I impute, not so much to the
perfection of Arts, as to the servile imitation of
vain glorious Tragedians, who contend not so seri-

ously to excell in action, as to embowell the Clouds
in a speech of comparison, thinking themselves
more then initiated in Poets immortality, if they
but once get *Boreas* by the beard, and the heaven-
ly Bull by the deaw-lap. But herein I cannot so fully
bequeath them to folly, as their ideot Art-masters,
that intrude themselves to our ears as the Alcumists
of Eloquence, who (mounted on the Stage of Ar-
rogance) think to outbrave better Pens with the
swelling bumbast of bragging blank verse.

*Then did he make heavens vault to rebound
with rounce robble bobble,
Of russe rasse roaring,
with thwikk thwack thurlery bouncing.*

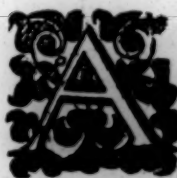
Greenes



GREENS ARCADIA.

OR,

The Triumph of Love and Honour over the
tyranny of Luck and insulting Fortune.



After that the wrath of mighty Jove had
wapt Arcadia with noysome pestilence, in-
somuch that the air yielding prejudicial sa-
bours, seemed to be peremptory in some sa-
tall resolution, Democles soveraign & King
of that famous Continent, pittyping the sinne

for accidents of his people, being a man as just in his cen-
surs, as royall in his possessions, as careful for the weal of
his Countrey, as the countenance of his Diadem, thinking
that unpeopled Cities are corrosives in Princes consciences,
that the strength of his subjects was the sinews of his
dominions, and that every Crown must contain a care, not
onely to win honor by soveraign Conquests, but in maintai-
ning dignity with civill and domestical insights, Democles
grounding his arguments upon these promises, coveting
to be counted *Pater patriæ*, called a Parliament together,
whither all his Nobility incited by summons, made their
repair, elected two of his chiefe Lords to passe unto Del-
phos, at Apollos Oracle to hear the fatal sentence either
of their future misery, or present remedy. They having
their charge, posting from Arcadia to the Tripos, where Pi-
thia late, the sacred Pymp that belivered out Apollos
Dylommas, offering (as their manner is) their Drisours

4 presents, as well to intreat by devotion, as to perswade by bounty, they had returned from Apollo this day.

When *Neptune* riding on the Southern seas,
 Shall from the bosome of his *Lemman* yeeld,
 Th' *Arcadian* wonder, men and Gods to please,
 Plenty in pride shall march amidst the field.
 Dead men shal war, and unborn Babes shall frown,
 and with their sawchons hew their fomen down;
 When Lambs have Lyons for their surest guide,
 And Planets rest upon th' *Arcadian* Hills;
 When swelling Seas have neither ebb nor tide,
 When equall banks the Ocean margin fills:
 Then look *Arcadians* for a happy time,
 And sweet content within your troubled Clime.

So sooner had *Pichia* delivered this scroll to the Lords of *Arcadia*, but they departed and brought it to *Democles*, who causing the Oracle to be read amongst the distressed commons, found the *Delphian* censure more full of doubts to amaze, then fraught with hope to comfort: thinking rather that the anger of God sent a peremptory presage of ruine, then a probable ambiguity to applaud any hope of remedy: yet loath to have his carefull subjects fall into the balefull Labyrinth of Despaire, *Democles* begun to discourse unto them, that the interpreters of *Apollo's* secrets were not the conceits of humane reason, but the surcesse of long repeated events, that comets did portend at the first blaze, but took effect in the dated bosome of the Destinies: that Oracles were foretold at the *Delphian* cave, but were shap'd out and finished in the Council-house. With such perswasive Arguments *Democles* appeased the distressed thoughts of his doubtfull Countrymen, and commanded by Proclamation, that no man should pry into the quiddities of *Apollo's* answer, lest sundry censures of his divine secrecie

secreacie should trouble Arcadia with some sudden mutiny. The King thus smothering the heat of his cares, rested a melancholy man in his Court: hiding under his head the double-faced figure of Janus, as well to clear the skies of other mens conceits with smiles, as to furnish out his owne dumps with thoughts. But as other Beasts leuell their looks at the countenance of the Lyon, & birds make wings as the Eagles flye: so Regis ad arbitrium totus componitur ei: The people were measured by the minde of their Sovereaigne and what storms soever they smothered in private conceit, yet they made hay, and cry'd holiday in outward appearance; insomuch that every man repayed to his owne home, and fell either unto pleasures or labours, as their living or content allowed them.

While thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, Menaphon the Kings Shepheard, a man of high account among the Swaines of Arcadia, lobed of the Symphs, as the Paragon of all their countrey yongsters walking solitary down to the shore, to see if any of his Cwes and Lambs were straggled down to the Stronds to browse on the Sea-Grasse, whereof they take speciall delight to feed; he found his flockes gazing upon the Promontory Mountains hardly: whee cou resting himself on a hill that over pæred the great Meditaraneum, noting how I heebus fetched his Lavaltos on the purple Plains of Neprunus, as if he had meant to have courted I heeis in the royaltie of his robes: the Dolphins (the sweet conceiters of Pusck) fetcht their carriers on the calmed waves, as if Arion had touched the strings of his silber sounding Instrument: the Permaides thrusting their heads from the bosomes of Amphitrit, late on the mounting bankes of Neptune, drying their watry Dresses in the sun beams. Eolus forbore to throw abroad his queets on the slumbring brows of the Sea-God, as giving Triton leav to pleasure his Quæen with desired melody and porteous liberty to follow his flocks without disquiet,

Menaphon looking over the Champion of Arcady to see
if:

if the Continent was as full of smiles, as the Seas were of favours, saw the shrubs as in a dream, with delightful harmony, and the Birds that chanted on their branches, not disturbed with the least breath of a favourable Zephyrus. Seeing thus the accord of the Land and Sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water Nymphs, he began to consider how Venus was feigned by the Poet to spring of the froth of the Seas: which drove him straight into a deep conjecture of the inconstancy of love, that as if Luna were his load-star, had every minute ebbs and tides, sometime overflowing the banks of Fortune with a gracious look lightened from the eyes of a favourable lover, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous selfe of despair, with the piercing frown of a froward Mistresse. Menaphon in this brown study, calling to minde certain Aphorismes that Avareon had pen'd down as Principles of loves follies, being as deep an enemy to fancy, as Narcissus was to affection, began thus to scoffe at Venus Dettie

Menaphon, thy mindes favours are greater then thy wealths fortunes, thy thoughts higher then thy birth, and thy private conceit better then thy publick esteem. Thou art a Shepheard Menaphon, who in feeding of thy flock findest out natures secreesse, and in preventing thy Lambs prejudices, conceitest the Astronomical motions of the Heavens, holding thy shep-walks to yeld as great Philosophy, as the Ancients discourse in their learned Academies. Thou countest labour as the Indians do their Chrysololla, wherewith they try every metal, and thou examin every action, Content sitteth in thy mind as Neptune in his Sea-throne, who with his trident Pace appealeth every storm. When thou seest the Heavens frown thou thinkest on thy faults, and a clear sky putteth thee in mind of grace: the summers gloze tels thee of youths vanity, the winters parched leaves of ages declining weakness. Thus in a mirrour thou measurest thy deeds with equall and considerate motions, and by being a Shepheard findest y^e which things want in their royaltie. Envy overlooketh

looketh thee; thine eyes are bail'd with content, that thou canst not gaze so high as Ambition: and for Love: and with that in naming of Love, the Shepheard fell into a great laughter. Love Menaphon, why of all follies that eber Poets seigned, or men eber were faulted with, this foolish imagination of love is the greatest. Venus forsooth for her wanton escapes must be a goddesse, and her bastard a Wetty: Cupid must be young and eber a Boy, to prove that love is fond and witlesse: wings to make him inconstant and arrosos whereby to shew him fearfull: blind (or all were not worth a pin) to prove that Cupids leuell is both without aim and reason: thus is the God, and such are his votaries. As soon as our Shepheards of Arcadia settle themselves to sloth, and wear the charaders of Venus stamp in their foreheads, straight their attire must be curious, their looks full of amors, as their Gods quiber is full of arrows, their eyes holding smiles and teares, to hold a correspondence with their Distresse favours or her frowns, sighes must flye as figures of their thoughts, and every wrinkle must be tempered with a passion: thus suited in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repair to take view of their Distresse beauty. She as one obserbant of Venus principles, first tyeth love in her tresses, & wraps affection in the trammels of her hair, snaring our Swains in her locks as Mars in the net, holding in her forehead Fortunes Ballender, either to assign a dismall influence, or some favourable Aspect. If a wrinkle appear in her brow, then our Shepheard must put on his working day face, and frame nothing but dolefull Madrigals of sorrow; if a dimple doth grace her cheek, the heakens cannot prove satall to our kind hearted Lovers; if she seem coy, then Poems of death mounted upon deep drawn sighs ste from their Master to sue for some favour, desiring that death at the last may date his misery. To be brieft, as upon the shores of Lepanto the winds continue never one day in one quarter, so the thoughts of a lover never continue scarce a minute

nute in one passion; but as Fortunes globe, so is Fancies
case, variable and inconstant.

If Lovers sorrows, then belike Sisyphus turmoils, and
their labours like honey bought with gall; let poor Menaphon live at labour, and make esteem of Venus as of Mars
his Concubine, and as the Cimbrians hold their idols in
account but in every tempest, so make Cupid a God, but
when they are over-pained with passion, and then Menaphon will never love: for as long as I temper my hands
with labour, I cannot fetter my thoughts with love. And
in this Satyrical humour, smiling at his own conceits, he
took his Pipe in his hand, and between every report of his
Instrument, sung a Stanzo to this effect

Menaphons Song.

Some say love
Foolish love
Doth rule and govern all the gods:
I say love,
Inconstant love,
Sets mens senses far at ods;
Some swear love,
Smooth fac'd love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say love,
Sour love,
Makes vertues yeeld as beauties slave,
A bitter sweet folly, worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be follies thrall
Love is sweet,
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do faine,
Beauty sweet
Is that sweet,
That yeelds sorrow for a gain.

Green's Arcadia.

If love's sweet,

Herein sweet,

That minutes joyes are monthly woes,

Tis not sweet,

That is sweet,

No where but where repentance growes.

Then love who list, if beauty be so sower,

Labour for me, love rest in Princes Bower.

Menaphon having ended his Roundelay, rose up, thinking to passe from the mountain down to the valley, and casting his eye to the Sea side, spied certain fragments of a broken ship floating upon the waves, and sundry persons drenched upon the shore, who walking all wet and weary upon the sands; wondering at this strange sight, he stood amazed: yet desirous to see the event of this accident, he shrowded himselfe to rest unespied till he might perceive what would happen: at last he descried it was a woman holding a child in her arms, and an old man directing her as it were her guide. These three (as distressed wretches) coveted to climb the mountain, the better to use the favour of the Sun to dry their drenched apparel, and at last crawled up where poore Menaphon lay close, and resting them under a bush, the old man did nothing but send out sighs, and the woman ceased not from streaming forth Rivolets of tears, that flowed from her cheekes like the drops of pearled Dew upon the riches of Flora. The poore Babe was the touchstone of his mothers passions: for when he smiled and lay laughing in her Lap, were her heart never so deeply over-charged with her present sorrows, yet kissing the pretty infant, she lightened out some smiles from those cheekes that were furrowed with continuall sources of tears: but if he cryed, then sighs and sobs fore-ran those showers which withredoubled disresse distilled from her eyes: And thus with inconstant passions she lull'd her Babe asleep, and warbled out of her full breast this Ditty.

Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's griefe enough for thee.

Mothers care, pretty Boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a Boy hy him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune chang'd made him so;
When he had left his pretty Boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's griefe enough for thee.

With this Lullaby the Baby fell asleep, and Sephestia laying it upon the green grasse, covered it with a Mantle, and then leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on her lap she fell asleep to pour forth abundance of plaints, which Lamedon the old man espied, although in his face appeared many of discontent, and in every wrinkle was a catalogue of woes, yet to cheere up Sephestia, shewing his inward sorrow with an outward smile, he began to comfort her in this manner,

Sephestia, thou seest no Physick prebails, thy fall is high, but fortune low, thy sorrows great, and thy hope little, therefore seeing me partaker of thy miseries, let a l upon this, Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris: thou art daughter to a King, exiled by him from the hope of a Crowne, banisht from the pleasures of the Court to the painfull fortunes of the Countrey, and parted for love from him whom thou canst not but love, who for thee hath suffered all the dislabours that either discontent or death can afford. What of all this? fear not, for although the mother live in misery, yet hath she a Scepter for the son, let the unkindness of thy Father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus be supplied with the

Green's Arcadia.

the presence of his pretty Babe, who being too young for adventures, lies smiling on thy knee, and laughs at Fortune: learn by him Sephestia to use patience, which is like the Balme in the bale of Jehosaphat, that findeth no wound so deep, but it cureth. Thou seest already Fortune begins to change: For after a great Storm we found a calm that brought us safe to shore: the mercy of Neptune was more then the envy of Aeolus, and the discurtesie of thy Father is proportioned with the favour of the gods. Thus Sephestia, being copartner of thy misery, do I seek to allay thy Martyrdom; and although sick of my selfe, yet doe I play the Physician to thee, wishing thou mayest bear thy sorrows with as much content as I brooke my misfortunes with patience. As he was ready to go forward with his perswasive Argument, Sephestia fetching a deep sigh, and filling her tender eyes with tears made this reply,

Sweet Lamedon, once partner of my Royalties, now partaker of my wants, as constant in extreame distresse as faithfull in higher fortunes: The misfortune of Sephestia abridgeth not our old contracted amity. Thy aged years shall be the Kalender of my fortunes, and thy gray haire the parallels of mine actions. If Lamedon perswade Sephestia to content, Portia her self shall not exceed Sephestia in patience: if he will her to keep a low sail, she will batle all her sheet: if to forget her loves, she will quench them with labours: and seeing the Destinies have driven thee from a Crown, I will rest satisfied with the countrey, placing delights in honoring thee, and nursing up my pretty Infant, I will imagine a small Cottage to be a spacious Palace and think as great quiet in a russet Coat, as in Royall Habilliments: The hope of times return shall be the end of my thoughts, the smiles of my Son shall be the nourishment of my heart, & the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my years, every laughter that leaps from his looks, shall be the holyday of my conceits, and every tear shall furnishe out my griefs,

griefs, and his Fathers Funerals. I have heard them say Lamedon, that the lowest Shrubs feel the least tempests, and in the vallies of Africa is heard no Thunder, that in Countrey Rome is greatest rest, and in little wealth the least disquiet. I will then disguise my self; and with my clothes will I change my thoughts: For being poorly attired I will be meanly minded, and measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes. In saying this the Babe awak'd and cried, and she fell to tears mixed with a Lullaby.

All this while Menaphon sat among the Shrubs, sitting his eyes upon the glorious object of her face, he noted her tresses, which he compared to y^e coloured Hyacinth of Arcadia, her brows to the mountain snow that lies on the hills; her eyes to morning Graces: her alabaster neck to the whitenesse of the woolly flocks, her tears to pearle, her face to borders of Lillies interseamed with Roses: to be brief, our shepheard Menaphon that heretofore was an Atheist to love, was now by the wily shaft of Cupid so intangled in y^e beauteous excellencie of Sephestia, as now he swore there was no exquisite Deity but Love. Being thus fettered with y^e pliant persuasions of Fancie, impatient in his new affections, as the horse that never before felt the spur, he could not bziol his new conceived amors, but watching when they should depart, perceiuing by the gestures of the old man and the tears of the Gentlewoman, that they were distressed, thought to offer any help that lay within the compasse of his ability. As thus he mused in his new passions, Lamedon and Sephestia rose up, and resolved to take course which way the wind blew: Passing to down the mountain to go seek out some town, at last Lamedon espied Menaphon; desirous therefore to know the course of the countrey, he saluted him thus:

Shepheard, for so far thy attire warrants me: courteous, for so much thy countenance imports, if distressed persons whom Fortune hath wronged, and the seas have favoured, (if we may count it favor to live and want) may without

without offence crabe so far aid, as to know some place where to rest our weary and weather-beaten limbs, our charges shall be paid, and you have for recompence such thanks as Fortunes Out-laws may yeeld to their favourers. Menaphon hearing him speak so graciously, stood staring still on Sephestia's face; which she perceiving, flushed out such a blush from her alabaster Cheeks, that they look't like the ruddy gates of the morning; this sweet bashfulnesse amazing Menaphon, at last he began thus to answer.

Strangers, your degree I know not, therefore pardon if I give lesse title then your estates merit: Perhaps is to be salved with pittie, not scorn; and we that are fortunes darlings, are bound to reliebe them that are distressed: therefore follow me, and you shall have such succour as a Shepheard can afford. Lamedon and Sephestia were passing glad, and Menaphon led the way, not content onely to feed his sight with the beauty of his new Mistis, but thought also to inferre some occasion of parley, to heare whether her voyce were as melodious as her face was beautifull; he therefore prosecuted his discourse in this manner: Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting upon the Arcadian Promantory with your Baby on your lap, and this old Father by, I thought I had seen Venus with Cupid on her knee, courted by Aneises of Troy: at last perceiving by your tears, & your child's complaints, that you were passengers distressed, I lent you sighs to partake your sorrows, to signifie how I pittie over-charged persons; in lieu whereof let me crabe your name, country and parentage. Sephestia seeing by the Shephearos passionate looke, that the Swain was half in-love, replied thus: Courteous Shepheard, if peradventure my cheeks did look like Venus at a blush, it was when the wofull Goddess wept for her fair Adonis: my Boy is no Cupid, but the son of Care, Fortunes scorn in his youth, to be (I hope) her darling in his age: in that your looks saw our griefe, and your thoughts pittied our woes, and our

tongues

to give shall give thanks, and our hearts pray that the
 Gods may be as friendly to your Flockes, as you are fa-
 vourable unto us. My name is Samela, my country Cy-
 pres my parentage mean, the wife of a poore Gentleman
 newly deceased: how we arrived here by shipwreck, gentle
 shephard inquire not, lest it be tedious for you to hear it,
 and a double grieve for me to rehearse it. The shephard
 not daring to displease his mistress, as having loves threats
 hanging on her lips: and eyes he conveyed them home to
 his house: assure as they were arrived there, he began at
 the dore to entertaine them thus. Fare mistress, the flow-
 er of all our Simples that live here in Arcadia, this is
 my Cottage wherein I live content, and your lodging;
 where (please it you) ye may rest quiet: I have no rich
 clothes of Egypt to cover the walls, nor store of Plate to
 discover any wealth: for shepheards use neither to be
 proud nor covetous: you shall find here cheese and milke
 for dainties, and wool for clothing; in every corner of the
 house content sitteth smiling and tempering every home-
 ly thing with a welcome: this (if you can brook and accept
 of (as gods allow the meanest hospitality) ye shall have
 such welcome and fare as Philemon and Baucis gave to
 Jupiter. Sephestia thank't him heartily, and going into his
 house found what he promised: after that they had sate a
 little by the fire, and were well warmed, they went to sup-
 per, where Sephestia fed well, as one whom the Sea had
 made hungry, & Lamedon so plied his teeth, that at supper
 he spake not one word: after they had taken their repast,
 Menaphon seeing they were weary, and that sleep chimed
 on to the rest, let them see their lodging, and so gave them
 the good night, Lamedon on his flock-bed, & Sephestia on
 her countrey couch, were so weary that they slept wel; but
 Menaphon, soe Menaphon, neither asked his swains for
 his sheep, nor took his mole-spade on his neck to see his
 pastures, but as a man pained with a thousand passions,
 overwhelmed with a multitude of cares, he sate like the pi-
 ctures that Perseus turred with his Gorgons head into
 stones

stones, His sister Carmela kept his house (for so was the country wench called, and she seeing her brother sit so malcontented, kept to her cup-board and fetcht a little beaten spice in an old bladder; did spare no evening milk, but went amongst the cream-bowls, and made him a posset. But alas, love had so lockt up the shepherds stomack, that none would down with Menaphon. Carmela seeing her brother refuse his spiced drink, thought all was not well, and therefore sate down and wept: to be short she blubbered and he sighed, and his men that same and in saw their master with kercher on his head, mourned: so that among these swains there was such melody, that Menaphon took his bow and arrows, and went to bed; on which resting himselfe, he thought to have beguiled his passions with some sweet slumbers; but Love that smiled at his new entertained champion, sitting on his beds head, pricked him forward with new desires, charging Morpheus. Probetur and Icolow, the gods of sleep, to present unto his closed eyes the singular beauty and rare perfections of Samella: (for so will we now call her) in that the Idea of her excellence forced him to breathe out scalding sighs smothered within the furnace of his thoughts, which grew into this or the like passion.

I had thought Menaphon, that he which weareth the Bay lease, had been free from lightning, and the Eagles pen a preservative against thunder that labour had been enemy to love, and theeschewing of idlenesse an antidote against fancy: but I see by proofe there is no Adamant so hard, but the blood of a goat will make soft: no fort so well defended, but strong battery will enter, nor any heart so pliant to restless labours, but enchantments of love will overcome, unfortunate Menophon, that of late thought't Venus a strumpet, and her son a bastard, how must thou offer incense at her shrine, & swear Cupid no lesse then a god: thou hast reason Menaphon, for he that lives without love, lives without life, presuming with Narcissus to hate all, and being like him at length despised of all. Can there

be a sweeter blisse then beauty, a greater heauen then her heavenly perfections that is mistress of thy thoughts: If the sparkle of her eyes appear in the night, the stars blush at her brightnesse: if her hie glister in the day, Probus puts off his robe of diamonds, as overcome with the shine of her tresses: if she walk in the fields, Flora seeing her face, bids all her glorious flowers close themselves, as being by her beauty disgraced; if her alabaster neck appear, then Hyems covereth his snow, as surpassed in whitenesse: to be short Menaphon, if Samela has appeared in id, Juno for majesty, Pallas for wisdom, Venus for beauty, has let my Samela have the supremacy: why shouldst thou not then love, and think there is no life to love, seeing the end of love is the possession of such a heavenly p[er]agon? but what of this Menaphon, hast thou any hope to enjoy her person? she is a widow, true, but too high for thy fortunes: she is in distresse. Ah Menaphon, if thou hast any spark of comfort, this must set thy hope on fire: want is the lordstone of affection, distresse forceth deeper then fortunes frowns, and such as are poor will rather love then want relief: fortunes frowns are whetstones to fancies, and as the horse starteth at the spur, so love is pycked forward with distresse. Samela is thiptwackt, Menaphon reliebes her; she wants, he supplies with wealth; he sues for love, either must she grant, or buy denial with perpetual repentance. In this hope rested the poore shepheard: and with that Menaphon laid his head down on the pillow, and took a sound nap. sleeping out fancey with a good slumber,

As soon as the sun appeared, the shepheard got him up, and fed fat with this hope, went merrily with his men to the felds, & there letting forth his shep, after that he had appointed where they should graze, returned home, and looking when his guests should rise, having slept in the last night, went roundly to his breakfast: by that time he had ended his disjune, Lamodon was gotten up, and so was Samela. Against their rising Carinela had speton her ewery,

and

and Menaphon tised in his russet Jacket, his red sleeves of Chamlet, his blew bonnet and his round slops of country cloth, bestirred him, as every joynt had been set to a sundry office. Samela no sooner came out of her chamber, but Menaphon as one that claimed pittie for his passions, had her good morrow with a firm lovers look: Samela knowing the fohol by the feather, was able to cast his disease without his water, perceived that Cupid had caught the poore shepheard in his net, and unless he sought quickly to break out of the snare, would make him a tame fool: fair looks she gave him, and with a smiling sorrow discovered how she grieved at his misfortune, yet favored him: wel, to breakfast they went, Lamedon and Samela sed hard, but Menaphon like the Argive in the Date gardens of Arcadia, lived with the contemplation of his mistress beauty, whose breath was perfumed fire, whose eyes were fire wherein he delighted to dally, whose heart the earthly paradise wherein he desired to ingrasse the essence of his love and affection: thus did the poore shepheard bathe in a kind of blisse, while his eye fixing on his mistris face, surfeited with the excellency of her perfection. So long he gazed, that at length breakfast was ended, and he desirous to do her any service, first put her child to Nurse, and then led her forth to see his flocks, thinking with the sight of his flockes to inbeigle her, whose mind had rather have chosen any misfortune, then have deigned her eyes on the face and feature of so low a person. Well, abroad they went, Menaphon with his shephew fringed with crewel, to signifie he was the chief of the Swains, Lamedon and Samela after: plobbing thus over the green fields, at last they came to the mountaines where Menaphons flockes grazed, and there he discoursed to Samela thus. I tell thee fair Symph, these plains that thou seest stretching Southward, are pastures belonging to Menaphon, there growes the Cinqsoil and the Piacinth, the Cowslip, the Primrose and the violet, which my flockes shal spare for flowers to make you garlands, the milk of my Cives shal be meat

for you my love, the wood of the fat weathers shall serve to
make Samuell withall; the mountain tops shall be your
morning walk, and the shady vallies your evenings Ar-
bour, as much as Menaphon owes, shall be at Samella's
command, if she like to live with Menaphon. This he
spoken with such deep affects, that Samella could scarce
keep her from smiling: yet she covered her conceit with a
sorrowfull countenance, which Menaphon espying, to
make her merry, and rather for his own advantage, seeing
Lamedon was asleep, took her by the hand, and sate down,
and pulling forth his Pipe, began after some melody, to
carroll out this Roundelay.

Menaphons Roundelay.

When tender Ewes brought home with Evening sun,
Wend to their felds,
And to their holds,
The shepheards trudge when light of day is done
Upon a tree,
The Eagle Joves fair bird did perch
There resteth he:
A little Fly a harbour then did search,
And did presume (though others laugh thereat)
To perch whereas the princely Eagle sat.

The Eagle frown'd, and shook his Royall wings,
And charg'd the Fly
From thence to hie.
Afraid in hast the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearfull to perch him by the Eagles side.
With moody vain
The speedy post of Ganimede reply'd,
Vassail, avaunt, or with my wings you die.
Is't fit an Eagle feat him with a Flye?

The Flie crav'd pittie, still the Eagle frown,
 The filly flie,
 Ready to die,
 Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groveling to the ground:
 The Eagle saw,
 And with a royall mind said to the flie,
 Be not in aw,
 I scorn by mee then canst creature die:
 Then seat thee here, The joyfull flie up flings,
 And safe safe shadowed with the Eagles wings,

As soon as Menaphon had ended this Roundelay, turning to Samela, after a country blush he began to court her in this homely fashion: What think you Samela of the Eagle for this royall deed: that he falsified the old proverb, *Aquila non capit muscas*. But I mean Samela, are you not in opinion, that the Eagle gives instance of a Princely resolution, in preferring the safety of a Fly before the credit of her royal majesty? I think Menaphon that high mindes are the shelters of poverty, & Kings seats are coverles for distressed persons; that the Eagle in shrowding the Fly did well, but a little forgot her honor. But how think you said Samela, is this proportion to be observed in love? I gesse no, for the flie did it not for love but for succour. Both love & their respect of circumstance, else it is not love, but lust; for where the parties have no sympathy of estates, there can no firm love be fit: discord is reputed the mother of division, as in Nature this is an unrefuted principle that it faulteth alwayes which faileth in uniformity. He that grafts gilliflowers upon the Pettie marreth the smell. Menaphon was halfe nipped in the pate with this reply; yet like a tall Souldier stood to his talking and made this answer: Suppose gentle Samela, that a man of mean estate, whom disdainful Fortune has abased, intending to make her power prodigall in his misfortunes, being feathered with Cupids bolt, were smited with the beauty of a Queen, should he rather die then discover his moys? If Queens (quoth she) were of my mind, I had ther

for you my love, the wool of the fat weathers shall serve to make Samuels withall, the mountain tops shall be your morning walk, and the shady vallies your evenings labour, as much as Menaphon owes, shall be at Samuels command, if she like to live with Menaphon. This was spoken with such deep affects, that Samuels could scarce keep her from smiling: yet she covered her conceit with a sorrowfull countenance, which Menaphon espying, to make her merry, and rather for his own advantage, seeing Lamedon was asleep, took her by the hand, and sate down, and pulling forth his Pipe, began after some melody, to carrol out this Roundelay.

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ther die then perish in baser fortunes. Venus loved Vulcan, replied Menaphon : truth (quoth Samela) but though he was polt-slated, yet he was a god. Phano enjoyed Sapho, he a Ferriman that lived by his hands thrift, she a Princesse invested with a Diadem. The more fortunate go, Samela was he in his honors, and she the lesse famous in her honesty. To leave these instances replied Menaphon (for love had made him hardy) I sweet Samela infer these presupposed premises, to discover the baseness of any mean birth, and yet the deepnesse of my affection, who ever since I saw the brightnesse of your perfection shining upon the mountains or Arcadie, like the glister of the sun upon the toplesse promontory of Sicilia, was so snared with your beauty, & so intangled with the excellency of that perfection that exceeds all excellency, that love entering my desire, hath maintained himselfe by force, that unlesse sweet Samela grant me favour of her love, and play the princely Eagle, I shall with the poore Fly perish in my fortunes. He concluded this period with a deep sigh; and Samela grieved at the folly of this shepheard, gave him mildly this answer.

Menapon, I arrived in Arcadie shipwreckt, and you favouring my sorrows, have afforded me succours, for which Samela rests bound, and will prove thankfull: as for love, know that Venus standeth on the Tortois, as shewing, that love creepeth on by degrees, that affection is like the snail, that scales to the top of the lance by minutes: the grasse hath his increase, yet never any sees it augment till we leave Menaphon, first to sorrow for my fortunes, then to call to mind my husbands late funerals; then, if the Fates have assigned I shal fancy, I will account of thee before any shepheard in Arcady. This conclusion of Samela drew Menaphon into such an extasie of joy, that he stood as a man metamorphosed; at last, calling his senses together, he told her he rested satisfied with her answer, and thereupon lent her a kisse, such as blushing Thetis receiveth from her choicest leman the Sun. At this Lamedon awakes, other wise, no doubt, Menaphon had replied; but breaking off their talk,

talk, they went to view their pastures; and so passing down to the place where the sheep grazed, they searched the shepherds bags, and so emptied their bottles, as Samela marvelled at such an excellent banquet: at last they returned home, Menaphon glozing in the hope of his success, entertaining Samela still with such curtesie, that she finding such content in the cottage, began to despise the honors of the Court. Resting thus in house with the shepherd, to avoid tedious conceits she framed herself to the countrey labours, that she oft-times would lead the flocks to the fields her self, & being dressed in homely attire, she seemed like Oenone that was amorous of Paris. As she thus often traced along the plains, she was noted amongst the shepherds, and amongst others by one Doron, next neighbour to Menaphon, who entered in to the consideration of her beauty, and made report of it to all his fellows swains, so that they chatted nought in the fields, but of the new shepherdesse. One day amongst the rest, it chanced that Doron sitting in parly with another countrey companion of his, amidst other tattle, they prattled of the beauty of Samela. Wast thou seen her quoth Melicertus (for so was his friend called) I quoth Doron) and longed to see her, not that I was in love, but that I wished she should be in love with such a one as Menaphon. What manner of woman is she, quoth Melicertus? As well as I can answered Doron, I will make description of her.

Like to *Diana* in her summer weed,

Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,

goes faire *Samela*.

Whiter then the flocks that straggling feed,

When washed by *Arethusa* faint they lie,

is faire *Samela*.

As faire *Aurora* in her morning gray,

Deckt with the ruddy glister of her love:

is faire *Samela*.

Like lovely *Thetis* on a calmed day,

When as her brightesse *Neptunes* fancy move:

shines faire *Samela*.

Her

Green's Arcadia.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streams,
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are Ivory,

of faire *Samela*.

Her cheeks like rose and Lilly yeeld forth gleams,
Her browes bright Arches fram'd of Ebony:

thus fair *Samela*.

Pass th fair *Venus* in her brightest hiew,
And *Juno* in the shew of Majesty,

for she's *Samela*.

Pallas in wit: all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignity
yeeld to *Samela*.

Thou hast (quoth Melicertus) made such a description, as if Priamus young boy should paint out the perfection of his Greekish Paragonour. Perhaps the Idea of her person represents it selfe an object to my fancy, and that I see in the discovery of her excellence, the rare beauties of— and with that he brake off abruptly with such a deep sigh as it seemed his heart should have broken. Doron marvelling at this sudden event was half affraid, as if some Apoplexy had assailed his senses, so that cheering up his friend, he demanded what the cause was of this sudden conceit. Melicertus no niggard in discovery of his fortunes, began thus: I tell thee Doron, before I kept my in Arcady, I was a shepheard elsewhere, as famous for my flocks as Menaphon for foles; beloved of the Nymphs as he lik'd of the Countrey Damsels: Grounding upon these principles, I first mine eyes on a Nymph whose parentage was great, but her beauty farre more excellent: her birth was by many degrees greater then mine, and my worth by many ascents lesse then hers: yet knowing Venus loved Adonis; and Luna Endymion, that Cupid had bolts feathered with the plumes of a Crow, as well as with the pens of an Eagle, I attempted and courted her; I found her looks light-ing disdain; and her forehead to contain labours for others, and crowns for me: when I alledged faith, she cross me with Aeneas; when loyalty,

loyalty, she told me of Jason; when I stroo constancy, she questioned me of Demophoon; when I craved a small resolution to my fatall passions, she shew her browes full of wrinkles, and her eyes full of fury, turned her back, and shooke me off with a Non placeit. Thus in loves I lost loves, and for love had less all, had I not when I nêr despaired, the clemency of some courteous Star, or rather the very excellence of some Mistris favours, salted my hali despairing malady: for she seeing that I held a superstitious opinion of love, in honoring him for a deity not in counting him a vain conceit of Poetry, that I thought it sacriledge to wrong my desires, & the basest fortune to enhance my fortune by falsing my loves to a woman, she left from being so rammage, and gently came to the first, and granted me those favours she might afford, or my thoughts desire: with this he ceased, & fell again to his sighs; which Doron noting, answered thus: If (my good Melicertes) thou didst enjoy thy loves, what is the occasion thou beginnest with sighes, and endest with passions? Ah Doron, there ends my joyes, for no sarter had I triumpht in my favours, but the Trophies of my fortunes fell like the herbs in Syria, that flourish in the morn, and fade before night: or like unto the flie Tryma, y taketh life and leaveth it all in one day. So my Doron did it fare with me, for I had no sôner enjoyed my love, but the Heavens (envious a shepheard should have the fruition of such a heavenly Paragon) sent unrevercable Fates to deprive me of her life, and she is dead: Dead Doron, to her, to my self, to all, but not to my memory, for so dâp were the Characters stamped in my inward senses, that oblition can never raze out the form of her excellence. And with that he start up, seeking to fall out of those dumps with musick, for he played on his pipe certain Sonnets he had contrited in praise of the Countrey Wench(es) but plaine Doron, as plain as a packstæff, desired him to sound a Roundelay, and he would sing a Song, which he carolled to this effect,

Dorons Ijgge.

Through the shrubs as I can crack.

For my Lambs pretty ones,

Mongst many little ones,

Nimphes I meane, whose haire was black.

As the Crow

Like the snow.

Her face and browes shine I ween,

I saw a little one,

A bonny pretty one,

As bright, buxome, and as sheene,

As was she

On her knee,

That lull'd the God, whose arrows warmes

Such merry little ones.

Such faire fac'd pretty ones,

As dally in loves chiefest harmes,

Such was mine,

Whose gray eyne

Made me love, I gan to woo,

This sweet little one

This bonny pretty one

I woo'd hard a day or two,

Till she bsd,

Be not sad,

Wooe no more, I am thine own,

Thy dearest little one,

Thy truest pretty one :

Thus was faith and firme love showne

As behoves,

Shepheards loves,

How like you this Ditty of mine own devising quoth Doron? As well as my musick, replied Melicertus : for if Pan and I strive, Midas being Judge, and should hap to give me the Garland, I doubt not but his Ases ears should be doubled : but Doron, so long we dispute of love, and forget our labours, that both our flocks shall be unfolded, and to morrow

rove our merry meeting hindered, That's true, quoth Dorcas,
 for there will be all the shepheards daughters and countrey
 Damsels, and amongst them doubt not but Menaphon will
 bring his fair shepheardsse; there Melicertus shalt thou see
 her that will amaze all our moods, and amaze thee, and there-
 fore good Melicertus let us be going. With this prattle away
 they went to their folds, where we leave them, and return
 to Menaphon, who triumphing in the hope of his new loves,
 caused Samela to trick her up in her countrey attire, & make
 her self brave against the mating: She then, thinking that
 to be coy, were to discover her thoughts, dress herself up in
 Carmela's russet Cassock, and that so quaintly, as if Venus in
 a countrey petticoat had thought to wanton it with her love-
 ly Adonis. The morrow came, and away they went, but
 Lamedon was left behind to keep the house. At the houre
 appointed, Menaphon, Carmela and Samela came, when all
 the rest were ready to make merry. As soon as word was
 brought that Menaphon came with his new mistress, all the
 company began to murmur, and every man to prepare his
 eye for so miraculous an object: but Pelana, a sheardsman
 daughter of the same parish, that long had loved Menaphon,
 and filled her brows with frownes, her eye with fure, & her
 heart with grief; yet coveting in so open an assembly, as well
 as she could, to hide a pad in the straw, she expected (as others
 did) the arrivall of her new cozitall; who, at that instant,
 came with Menaphon into the house. No sooner was she
 entred into the parlour, but her eyes gave such a shine, & her
 face such a brightnesse, that they stood gazing on this God-
 desse, and she unacquainted, seeing herselfe among so many
 unknown swaines, died her cheekes with such a vermilion
 blush, that the countrey maids themselves fell in love with
 this fair Symph, and could not blame Menaphon for being
 over shewes with such a beautifull creature. Dorcas jogged
 Melicertus on the elbow, and so awak't him out of a dream;
 for he was deeply drownd in the contemplation of her ex-
 cellency; sending out cellies of sighes in remembrance of
 his old love. As thus he sat meditating on her fatour, he to

much she resembled her that death had deprived him of: Melicertus her welcom was great of all the company, and for that she was a stranger, they graced her to make her the Mistress of the Feast. Menaphon seeing Samela thus honored, conceived no small content in the advancing of his Mistress, being passing jocund and pleasant with the rest of the company, in so much that every one perceived how she was swayed up on the dignities of his Mistress graces. Perana noting this, began to loathe: and Carmela winking upon her fellows, answered her frowns with a smile, which doubled her grief; for womens pities are more pinching if they be girded with a scump, then if they be galled with a mischief. Whiles thus there was binding of such looks, as every one imported as much as an impreso; Samela willing to see the fashion of these young courtier frowns, cast her eyes abroad, and in viewing every face, at last her eyes glanced on the looks of Melicertus, whose countenance resembled so unto her dead Lord, that as a woman affected she stood staring on his face, but ashamed to gaze on a stranger, she made restraint of her looks, and so taking her eye from her particular object, she sent it abroad to make a more generall survey of their countrey demeanours. But amidst all this gazing, he that had set it on Menaphon, how infected with a jealous fury, he stared each man in the face, fearing their eyes should see or surfeit on his Mistress beauty: if they glanced, he thought straight they would be ribbs in his loins; if they but lookt, then they were deeply snared in affection; if they once smiled on her, they had received some glance from Samela that made them so malepert; if she laughd, she lik't, and at that he began to frown: thus sate poor Menaphon all dinner while pained with a thousand jealous passions, keeping his teeth guarders of his stomack, and his eyes watchmen of his lobes: but Melicertus hulse impatient of his new conceived thoughts, determined to try how the damsell was brought up, and whether she was as wise as beautifull, he therefore began to break silence thus.

The Orgies which the Bacchanals kept in Thebalie, were
never

neber so quailles with silence, but on their Festiball dayes they did frolick among themselves with many pleasant parties: were it not a shame then that we of Arcadie, famous for the beauty of our Symphs, and the amozons Roundelates of our Shepheards, should disgrace Pans holiday with such melancholy dumps: Courteous countrey Swaines, shake off this copnesse, and seeing we have in our company Damselfs both beautifull and wise, let us entertaine them with discourse to try our wits, and tire our time: To this they all agreed with a plaudite. When quoth Melicertus, by your leave, since I was first in motion, I will be first in question, and therfoze now come Shepheardesse first to you: At this Samela blusht, and he began thus.

Fair Damsel, if I be over-bold, forgiue me; I request not to offend but to set time free from tediousnesse: When gentle Shepheardesse tell me, if you should be transformed by the anger of the gods, into some shape, what creature would you wish to be in form: Samela blushing that she was the first that was boarded, yet gathered up her crume, and desirous to shew her pregnant wit, (as the wisest women be ever tickled with self-love) made him this answer.

Gentle Shepheard, it fits not strangers to be nice, nor maidens too coy; lest the one feel the weight of a scoffe, and the other the fall of a Frump; Therfoze thus to your question, Daphne I remember was turned to a Bay-tree, Niobe to a Flint, Lampedie and her sisters to Flowers, and sundry Virgins to sundry shapes, according to their merits: but if my wish might serue for a Metamorphosis, I would be turned into a Sheep, A Sheep, and why so Pistris: I reason thus quoth Samela, my supposition should be simple, my life quiet, my soot the pleasant plains of Arcadie, and the wealthy riches of Flora, my drink the cool streames that flow from the Promontory of this Continent my aire should be clear, my walks spacious, my thoughts at ease; and can there be (shepheard) any better premises to conclude my reply then these: But have you no other allegations to confirm your resolution: Yes sir quoth she, and far greater, When the law

of our first motion quoth he, commands you to repeat them. Far be it answered Samela, that I should not do of free-will any thing that this company commands: Wherefore thus: were I a shep, I should be guarded from the foulds with jolly Swains, such as was Lunas Note on the hills of Latmos; their pipes sounding like the melody of Mercurie, when he lul'd asleep Argus: but more, when the Damsels tracing along the Plains, should with their eyes like Sun-bright beams, draw on lookers to gaze on such sparkling planets: then weary with food, should I lie and looke on their beauties, as on the spotted wealth of y^e richest Firmament, I should listen to their sweet Lays, more sweet then the Sea-boorn Syrens: thus feeding on y^e delicacy of their Features, I should like the Tyrian Heifer fall in love with Agenors darling. I but (quoth Melicertus) those fair-faced Damsels oft draw forth the kindest shep to the shambles. And what of that sir, answered Samela, would not a shep so long fed with beauty, dye for love? If she die (quoth Pesana) there is more kindnesse in beasts then constancy in men: for they die for love when Larks die with larks. If they be so wise (quoth Menaphon) they shew but their mothers wits: For what sparks they hate of inconstancy, they draw from their Female Fosterers, as the Sea doth ebbs and tydes from the Moon. So be it sir, answered Pesana, then no doubt your mother was made of a weathercock, that brought forth such a wavering companion: For you M. Menaphon measure your looks by minutes, and your loves are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the eye, but they vanish. It is then quoth Menaphon, because mine eye is a foolish Judge, and chuseth too basely: which when my heart censures of, it casts away as refuse. It were best then said Pesana, to discharge such unjust Judges of their Seats, and to set your ears hearers of your love-pleas. If they fault quoth Melicertus, every market town hath a remedy, or else there is never a Baker near by seven miles. Stay courteous Shepherds quoth Samela, these jests are too broad before, they are cynicall like Diogenes quips, that had large feathers & sharp

sharp heads: it little fits in this company to bandy tints of
 love, seeing you are unworred, and these all maidens addi-
 ced to chastity. You speak well as a patronesse of our cre-
 dit quoth Pefana; for in ~~xxx~~ we be virgins, and addiced to
 virginity. Now, quoth Menaphon, that you have got a
 virgin in your mouth, you will never leave chunting the
 word, till you prove your selfe either a Ussall or a Sybill.
 Suppose she were a Ussall quoth Melicertus, I had almost
 said a virgin (but God forbid I had made such a doubt-
 full supposition) she might carry water with Amulia for a
 ribe: for amongst all the rest of virgins we reare of none but
 her that wrought such a miracle. Pefana hearing how plea-
 santly Melicertus played with her nose, thought to give him a
 great bone to gnaw upon, which she cast in his teeth thus
 briefly. I remember sir, that Epicurus measured every mans
 diet by his own principles: Apread is the great Macedonian
 Pirat, thought that every one had a letter of Mart that sails
 in the Ocea: none came to knock at Diogenes tub, but was
 supposed a Cinnick, and fancy of late hath so tied you to his
 vanities, that you will think Vesta a flat figured conceit of
 poetry. Samela perceiving these blows would grow to
 deep wounds, brake off their talk with this pretty digression
 Gentlemen to end this strife, I pray you let us hear the opi-
 nion of Doron, for all this while neither he nor Carmela
 have uttered one word, but late as Censors at our Pleas: it
 were necessary he told us how his heart came thus on his
 halfepany. Doron hearing Samela thus pleasant made pre-
 sently this blunt reply: I was (fair Mistresse) in solemne doubt
 with my self, whether in being a Shep, you would be a Ram
 or on Cwe. An Cwe no doubt quoth Samela: for horns are
 the heaviest burthen that the head can bear. As Doron was
 ready to reply, came in suddenly to this parley four or five
 old shepheards, who broke off their prattle, thit from chat
 they fell to drinking; and so after some parly of their flocks,
 every one departed to their own home, where they talked of
 the exquisite perfection of Samela, especially Melicertus,
 who gotten to his own Cottage, and lying down in his
 Couch,

Touch by him self, began to run irate on Samela's Chape.

Ah Melicertus! what an object hath Fortune this day brought to thine eyes: tresses of gold like the trammels of Sephestia's locks, a face fairer then Venus, such was Sephestia; her eye paints her out Sephestia, her voyce sounds her out Sephestia; she seemeth none but Sephestia; but seeing she is dead, & there liues not such another Sephestia, sue to her and love her, for that is either a self-same, or another Sephestia. In this hope Melicertus fell to his slumber, but Samela was not content: for she began thus to mase with her self: May this Melicertus be a Shepheard? Or can a countrey Cottage afford such perfection: doth this coast bring forth such excellency? Then happy are the virgins that shal haue such suitors, and the wives such pleasing husbands: but his face is not inchac'd with any rustick proportion, his brows contain y^e characters of Nobility, and his looks in shepheards weeds are Lordly, his voyce pleasing, his wit full of Country: weigh all these equally, and consider Samela: is not this thy Maximus? Fond soul! alway with these suppositions, stay not to such vanities: he is dead, and therefore grieve not thy memory with the imagination of his new retire. Thus he rested, and thus she slept, all parties being equally content and satisfied with hope, except Pelana, who fettered with the feature of her best beloved Menaphon, sate cursing Cupid as a partiall Deity, that would make more daylight in the firmament then one Sun, more Rain-bows in the Heavens then one Iris, and more lobes in one heart then one settled passion. Well poor soule, howsoever she was pained, she smothered all with patience, and thought to out-brave love with seeming not to love. And thus she daily doted out the time with labour and looking to her heard, hearing every day by Doron, who was her kinsman, what successe Menaphon had in his lobes. In the mean time Melicertus going to the fields (as he was wont to do with his flocks) doted to graze as neere the swains of Menaphon as he might, to haue view of his new entertained Psittis: who according to his expectation came thither every day. Melicertus esteeming

ming her to be some Farmers daughter at the most, could not tell how to court her; yet at length calling to remembrance her rare wit discovered in their last discourses, finding opportunity to give her both Ball and Racket, seeing the coast was clear and that none but Samela and he were in the field, he left his Flock in the valley, and stept unto her, and saluted her thus.

Distris of all eyes that glance but at the excellency of your perfection I was by a strange attractive force drawn, as the Adamant draws the Iron, to visit your sweet self in the shade, and afford you such company as a poor Swain may yield without offence, which if you shall vouch to design of, I shall be as glad of such accepted service, as Paris was first of his best beloved Paramore. Samela looking upon the shepherds face, and seeing his utterance full of broken sighs, thought to be pleasant with her sheheard thus: Fairest of Shepherds, the Symphs sweetest object, womens wrong, in wronging many with ones due, welcome, and so welcome, as we vouchsafe of your service, admit of your company, as of him that is the grace of all companies. Samela made this reply, because she heard him so superfine, as if Ephebus had learned him to refine his mothers tongue: wherefore though he had done it of an inkhorn desire to be eloquent: and Melicertus thinking Samela had learned with Lucilla in Athens to anatomize wit, and to speak none but similes, imagined she smoothed her talk to be thought like Sapho, Phaos Paramore: thus deceived either in others suppositions, Samela followed her suit thus. I know Priamus wanton could not be without flocks of Symphs to follow him in the tale of Ida, beauty hath legions to attend her excellency, if the sheheard be true: if like Narcissus you wrap not your face in the cloud of disdaine, you cannot but have some rare Paragon to your Distrisse, whom I would have you in some sonnet describe as Joves last love, if Jove could get from Juno: My Pipe shall presume, and I adventure with my voyce to set out my Distrisse far our for your Excellence to censure of, and therefore thus: yet Melicertus

for that he had a further reach, would not make any
Clotworthy description, chanted it thus cunningly.

Melicertus description of his Mistress.

Tune on my pipe, the prayles of my love,
And midst the Oaten harmonic recount
How fair she is that makes thy musick mount,
And every string of thy hearts harpe to move :

Shall I compare her forme vnto the spheare,
Whence Sun-bright *Venus* vaunts her silver shine
Ah, more then that by iust compare is thine,
Whose CrySTALL looks the cloudy heavens do cleare,

How oft have I descending *Titan* seen
His burning locks couch in the Sea-queens lap,
And beauteous *Thetis* his red body wrap
In warry robes as he her Lord had been?

When as my Nymph impatient of the night,
Bad bright *Atrous* with his araine giue place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,
And lens each star a more then *Dolian* lighte.

Not *Jove* and Nature (should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament,
Of his mixt purity) could now invent
A sky-born form so beautifull as she.

When Melicertus had sung this Roundelay in praise of
his *Spistis*, Samela perceiues by his description, that either
some better Poet then himselfe had made it, or else that his
former phrase was dissembled: Wherefore to try him
thoroughly, and to see what Snake lay hid under the grasse,
she followed the chase in this manner: Melicertus, might
not a stranger craue your *Spistis* name? At this the Shep-
heard blusht, and made no reply. How now quoth Samela?
what? is she so mean that you shame, or so high that you
feare to betray the soveraign of your thoughts? Stand not in
doubt man: For he she hase, I read that mighty Tamberlain
after his wife Xenocrate (the twofold fair eye) passed out of
the Theater of this mortall life, made choyce of stragmatical
Trulls to please his hummorous fancy. Be she a Princess,
honor

honor hangs in high desires, and it is a token of a high mind to venture for a Queen: then gentle shepheard tell me thy spirit's name. Melicertus hearing his goddesse speak so favorably, breathed out this sudden reply: Too high Samela, and therefore I fear with the Syrian wolves to bark against the Moon. No sooner did my eye glance upon her beauty, but as if Love and Fate had fate to forge my fatall disquiet, they trapt me within her looks, and haling her Idæa through the passage of my sight, placed it so deeply in the center of my heart, as murther all my studious endavour, it still and ever will keep restless possession: noting her vertues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and fear of her too high-born parentage, though painfully fettered, yet have I still feared to dare so haughty an attempt to so brave a personage; lest she offensive at my presumption, I perish in the height of my thoughts. This conclusion broken with an abrupt passion, could not so satisfie Samela, but she would be further inquisitive. At last, after many questions, he answered thus: Seeing Samela I consume my selfe, and displease you, to hazard for the salve that may cure my malady and satisfie your question, know it is the beauteous Samela. Be there more of that name in Arcady beside my self quoth she? I know not said Melicertus, but were there a million, onely you are Melicertus Samela: but of a million yd. she, I cannot be Melicertus Samela: for love hath but one arrow of desire in his quiver, but one string to his bow, and in choice but one aim of affection. Have ye already said Melicertus, set your rest upon some higher personage? No, said Samela, I mean by your selfe, for I have heard that your fancy is linked already to a beautiful shepheardesse in Arcady. At this the poor Swaine stained his cheekes with a vermillion die, yet thinking to carry out the matter with a jest, he stood to his tacklings thus: Whosoever Samela defcanted of that love, told you a Canterbury tale, some propheticall full mouth, that as he were a Coblers eldest son, would by the Last tell where anothers shooe strings, but his soloterly aim was just levell, in thinking every look was

love, or every fair word a pawn of loyalty. Then said Samela taking him at a rebound, neither may I thinke your glances to be fancies, nor your greatest protestation any assurance of deep affection: therefore ceasing off to court any further at this time, think you have proved your selfe too tall a Souldier to continue so long at battery, and that I am a favorable Foe that have continued so long at parly: but I charge you by the love you owe your dearest Mistris, not to say any more as touching love at this time. If (Samela said he) thou hadst enjoyed me as Iano did to Hercules, most dangerous labours, I would have discovered my love by obedience, and my affection by death; yet let me crave this, that as I began with a Sonnet, so I may end with a Madrigall. Content Melicertus quoth she, for none more then I love musick. Upon this reply the shepheard proud followed with this Ditty.

What are my sheep without their wonted food?

What is my life except I gain my love?

My sheep consume and faint for want of blood,

My life is lost unlesse I grace approve.

No flower that saplesse thrives,

No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sun doth lower for wo,

Then woe mine eyes unlesse thy beauty see,

My Sun Samela's eyes, by whom I know

Wherein delight consists where pleasures be.

Nought more the heart revives

Then to embrace his Deare,

The starres from earthly humors gain their light,

Our humors by their light possesse their power:

Samela's eyes fed by my weeping sight,

Infuses my pains or joyes, by smiles or lower:

So wends the source of love,

It feeds, it fails, it ends;

Kind looks clear to your joy behold her eyes,

Admire her heart, desire to tast her kisses.

In them the Heaven of joy and solace lies :
Without them ev'ry hope his succour misses,

O how I love to prove

Whereto this solace tends.

Scarte had the Shepheard ended this Madrigall, but Samela began to frown, saying he had broken promise. Melicertus alledged, if he had uttered any passion 'twas sung, not said. Thus these lovers in a humorous descant of their prattle, espied a far off old Lamedon and Menaphon coming towards them: whereupon kissing in conceit, and prattling with interchanged glances, Melicertus stole to his sheepe, and Samela sate her down making of nets to catch Birds. At last Lamedon and her Love came, & after many gracious looks, & much good parly, helpt her home with her sheepe, and put them in the folds. But leaving these amorous Shepheards busie in their lobes, let us return at length to the pretty Baby Samela's child, whom Menaphon had put to nurse in the country. This infant being by nature beautiful, and by birth noble, even in his cradle express to the eyes of the gazers, such glorious presages of his approaching fortunes, as if another Alciades should prophesie to the world the approaching wonders of his prowess: so did his fiery looks reflect terror to the weak beholders of his ingratified nobility, as if some God twice born, like to the Thracian Bacchus, should delude our eyes with the alternate form of his infancy. Five years had full run their monthly revolution, when as this beauteous boy began to shew himselfe among the Shepheards children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintance, but straight he was chosen Lord of the May-game, King of their sports, and Ring-leader to their Rebels, insomuch that his tender mother beholding him by chance, imitating honorable justice in his gamesome exercise of discipline, with tears of joy took up these propheticall terms: well doe I see where God and Fate hath bowled felicity, no adverse fortune may expell prosperity. Pleusidippus thou art yong, thy looks high and therewithall she paused, being interrupted by a tumult of

Boyes, that by young Pleusidippus command fell upon one
 of their fellows, and beat him most cruelly for playing false
 play at Pine-holes: which she espying through the lattise
 window, could not chuse but smile aboue measure: But
 when she saw him in his childish tearms condemne one to
 death for despising the authority bequeathed him by the rest
 of the Boyes, then she be thought her of the Persian Cyrus,
 that deposed his Grand-father Astyages, who at the same age
 did imitate Majesty in like manner. In this distraction of
 thoughts she had not long time stayed, but Lamedon and
 Menaphon called her away to accompany them to the folds,
 whiles Pleusidippus hastning to the execution of justice, dis-
 missed his boyish Session till their next meeting: where
 how imperiously he behaved himselfe in punishing misfor-
 ders amongst his equals, in using more then jesting justice
 towards his untamed copesmates, I referre it to the An-
 nals of the Arcadians, that dilate not a little of this ingeni-
 ous argument. In th's sort sto Pleusidippus draw forth his
 infancy, till on a time walking to the shore, where he with
 his mother were waekt, there arrived on the stronds a
 Thessalian Pirate named Eurilochus, who after he had for-
 aged in the Arcadian Confinnes, displaying before him a large
 hottie of beasts to his ships, espied this pretty infant, when
 gazing on his face, he drew into his eyes such deep impres-
 sion of his perfection, as that his thought never thirsted so
 much after any prey, as this pretty Pleusidippus possession.
 But determining first to assay him by curtesie before he as-
 sailed him with rigor, he began to try his witt in this man-
 ner. My little child whence art thou: where wert thou
 borne: what is thy name: and wherefore wanderest thou
 thus all alone on the shore: I pray y^e, what are y^e Sir,
 quoth Pleusidippus, that deale thus with me by Interroga-
 tories, as if I were some Run-a-way: Wilt thou not tell
 me then who was thy Father? Said he, Good Sir, if y^e
 will needs know, go ask that of my mother. He hath said
 well my Lord, quoth Romanio, who was one of his speci-
 all associates, for wise are the children in these dayes, that
 know

know their own Fathers, especially if they be begotten in Dog-days, when their mothers are frantick with love, and young men furious for lust. Besides, who knowes not that these Arcadians are given to take the benefit of every hedge when they will sacrifice their virginity to Venus, though they have but a bush of Nettles for their Bed, and sure this Boy is but some shepheards bastard at the most, howsoever this wanton face importeth more then appearance. Pleusidippus eyes at this speech sparkled into fire, & his face in purple, with a more then common courage in children of his years and stature, gave him the ly roundly in this reply: Pleasant, the bastard In thy face for I am a Gentleman: wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a colw in proportion, thou wouldest never have so much impaired thy honesty, as to derogate from my honor. Look not in my face, but le-
 vell at my heart by this that thou seest: and therewith let strike at him with such pibble-stones as had in his hat, insomuch that Romanio was driven to his heels, to shun this suddes hail-shot, and Eurilochus resolted into laughter, and in terms of admiration, most highly extolled so exceeding magnanimity in so little a body: which how avaisleable it proved to the confirmation of his fancy that was before inflamed with his features, let them imagine that have noted the imbecillity of that age, and the unresisted fury of men at Arms. Sufficeth at this instant to unfold (all other circumstances of praise laid apart) that Eurilochus being far in love with his extraordinary lineaments, awaited no farther parly, but wished his men perforce to hoyle him a ship-board, intending as soon as ever he arrived in Thessaly by sending him to the Court as a Present, to make peace with his Lord and Master Agenor, who not long before had proclaimed him as a notorious Pirate throughout all his Dominions. Neither swarbed he one whit from his purpose, for no sooner had he cast Aneboz in the Port of Hadztonopolis, but he arrayed him in choyce silks, & Tyrian purple, and so sent him as a prize to the King of that countrey: who walking as then in his Summer Garden, with his Queen

the bsautous Eriphila, fell to discourse (as one well seen in Philosophy) of Hearbs and Flowers, as the labour or colour did occasion: and having spent some time in disputing their medicinable propertie, his Lady reaching him a Parigold, he began to Moralize of it thus merrily, I marvell the Poets that were so prodigall in painting the amorous affection of the Sun to his Hyacinth, did never observe the relation of love betwixen him and the Parigold, it should seeme either they were loath to incurre the displeasure of women, by propounding in the way of comparison, any servile imitation for headstrong wives, that love no precepts lesse then those pertaining unto duty; or that the Flower not so usual in their Gardens as ours, in her unacquainted name did obscure the honor of her amors to Apollo, to whose motions reducing the method of her springing, she waketh and sleepeeth, openeth and shutteth her golden leaves as he riseth and setteth. Well did you forestall my exception quoth Eriphila, in terming it a servile imitation: for were the condition of a wife so slavish, as your similitude would inferre, I had as liebe be your Page as your Spouse, your Dogge as your Darling. Not so sweet wife, answered Agenor, but the comparison holdeth in this, that as the Parigold resembleth the Sun both in colour and forme, so each mans Wife ought every way to be the image of her husband, framing her countenance to smile when she sees him disposed to mirth; and contrariwise her eyes to tears he being surcharged with Melancholy: As the Parigold displayeth the Dutie ornaments of her beauty, to the resplendant view of none but her lover Hyperion: so ought not a woman of modesty lay open the allurements of her face to any but her espoused Where, in whose absence like the Parigold in the absence of the Sun, she ought to shut up her doore and solemnize a continual night till her husband her Sun making a happy return, unsaleth her silence with the joy of his sight. Believe me, but if all flowers (quoth Eriphila) afford such influence of eleguence to our adverse Orators, I will exempt them all from my smell for feare they be all planted

planted to popson. *Oh* have I heard (replied Agenor) our cunning Physicians conclude, that one popson is harmlesse to another; which if they be so, there is no cause why a thistle should fear to be stung, of a nettle. I can tell you sir, you were best beware, lest in wading too farre in comparisons of thistles and nettles, you exchange not your rose for a nettle. If I doe so. Agenor) it is no more but my Gardener shall pluck it up by the roots, and throw it over y^e wall as a weed. To end this jest, which else would issue to a jarre, what purple flower is this in forme like a Hyacinth so, Eriphila) so cunningly droppen with blood, as if Nature had inter-medled with the Herald's Art to emblazon a bleeding heart: It is the Flower into which Poets feign Venus caused dying Adonis to be turnen a fair Boy, but passing infortunate. Was it possible (so, Eriphila) that ever Nature should be so bounteous to a Boy, to give him a face in despite of women, so fit: I would I see such an object, and then would Iasse beauty for imparting out excellency to any inferior object. In saying these words (as if Fortune meant to present her fancy with her desired felicity) Romanio conducted by one of the Lords, came with young Pleusidippus in his hand into the pretty Garden: where discoursing unto the King the intent of Eurilechus, in presenting him with such an inestimable jewel, the manner of his taking on the strand of Arcadie, with other circumstances of loves affeance: All which being gratefully accepted of Agenor, he sealed their severall pardons, and gave them leave to depart. But Pleusidippus not used to hyperbolicall spectators, broke off their silence by calling for his victuals, as one whose empty stomack since his coming from Sea, was not over-cloyed with delicates. Whereat Agenor revived from his trance, wherein the present wonder had intowapt him, demanded such questions of his Name and Parentage, as the Pyrats ignorance could not unfold: But he being able to tell no more then this, that his mother was a Shepheardesse and own name Pleusidippus; cut off all other interrogatories, by calling after his childlike manner again for his dinner

ner. Whereupon Agenor commanding him to be had in, and used in every respect as the child of a Prince, began in his solitary walk by his countenance to calculate his Nobility, and measure his birth by the beauty, contracting him in thought heir to his kingdom of Theſſaly, and husband to his daughter before he knew whence the child descended, or who was his father,

But leaving young Pleusidippus thus spending his youth in the Theſſalian Court, protected with the tender affection of such a courteous Foster-father as Agenor, return we where we left, back into Arcadia, and meet his mother the fair Samela returning from the Folds: who having discoursed by the way as she came home to Lamedon and Menaphon, what she late saw and observed in her son, they both conjoyned their judgements to this conclusion, that he was doubtlesse bound to some greater fortunes, than shee-cotes could contain; and therefore it behoved her to further his Destinies with some good and liberall Education, and not to detain him any longer in that trade of life which his Fortune withstood; but by the way to rebuke him for tyrannizing so Lordly over the Boyes, lest the neighbour Shepheards might haply intrude y^e name of injury on them, being strangers for his insulting over their children. With this determination came she home, and calling for Pleusidippus, according to their former counsell, he could not be found. Whereupon enquiry was made among all the Shepheards, but still the carefullest poss returned with, Non est inventus. Which Samela hearing, thinking she had utterly lost him whom Fortune had saved, began in this manner to act her unrest: Have we therefore escap't the fury of the seas, to perish on the land? Was it not enough that we were exiled from higher prosperity, but we must all of us suddenly be overwhelmed with the overthrow of a second adversity? My husband and my father were swallowed in the fury of the Surges, and now thou to be— (and therewith her eyes distilled such abundance of tears, as stoppt the passage of her plaints, and made her see more than a second Niobe.

Menaphon who had overheard her all this while, as one that sought opportunity to plead his unrest, perceiving her in that extremity of agony for her sons supposed losse, crept to her presently, and cheered her up in these terms: Faire Shepheardesse, might the tears of contrition raise the dead from destruction, then were it wisdome to bewail what weeping might recall: but since such anguish is fruitlesse, and these plainings bootlesse, comfort your self with the hope of the living, and omit the tears for the dead. *Al by gd. Samela,* how is it possible a woman should lose him without grief, whom she conceived with sorrow? He was (swæt Menaphon) the divided halfe of my essence, soul to my joyes, and life to my delights. What ever he was in beauty (*gd. Menaphon*) proceeded from your bounty: who may by marriage make his like when you please: therefore there is no cause why you should so much grieve to see your first work defaced, who of a new mold can forme a better then ever he was, Ah Menaphon, kere more may his like proceed from my loyns. I tell thee he made the chamber bright with his beauty when he was born, and cheekt the night with the golden rayes that gloamed from his looks: never more may I be the mother of such a son. *Yes Samela* (quoth the frolick shepheard) think not but if thou wilt list to my loves, I will enrich thee with as fair increase as ever he was. *Alas poore Swaine* said she, thou hopest in vain, since another must reap what thou hast sown, and gathered into his barns what thou hast scattered in the furrow. Another reap what I have sown? Therewith he scratcht his head where it itcht not, and setting his cap he could not tell which way, in a hot *Fustian* fume he uttered these words of fury; Strumpet of *Græce*, repayest thou my love with this lavish ingratitude? have I therefore with my plenty supplied thy wants, that thou with thy pride shouldest procure my woe? Did I relieve thee in distresse, to wound me in thy welfare with disoain? Deceitfull woman! (and therewith he swore an holiday Oath, Pan the God of the Shepheards) either return love for love, or I will turn thee forth of doors, to

scrape up thy crums where thou canst, and make thee pittied
 for thy poverty, that e'while wert honored in every mans
 eye through the suppliance of thy beauty. Welike then
 (qz. Sam:la) when you entertained me into your house, you
 did it not in regard of the laws of Hospitality, but onely
 with this policie, to quench y flames of your fancy: then,
 I have mistak your honesty, and am lesse indebted to your
 courtesie. Nay I thought no lesse (saie Menaphon) when
 your straggling eye at our last meeting would be gadding
 through every corner of our company, that you would prove
 such a kind mistrell: but if you will needs be starting, Ile
 serve you thereafter I warrant you: then see which of our
 beardless poynters will take you in when I have cast you
 forth. Whose (saie she) that out-countenance Menaphon
 and his pelfe, and are better able then your selfe: but how-
 soever I find their labour, I henceforth desie you and your
 fellowship. And therewith in a great rage she flung away
 into the next chamber where her Uncle Lamedon lay sleep-
 ing; who complaining of Menaphons discourtesies, he bratt
 invented this remedy. There was a Shepheard called Mo-
 ron (brother to Doron) that not long befoze died of a sur-
 seite, whose house and flock being set to sale after his dease,
 he bought them both forthwith for Samela, with certain re-
 mainder of money he had, and therein inforced her mangre
 the fury of Menaphon: who when he saw she was able to
 support her state without his purse, became sick for anger,
 and spent whole Eclogues in anguish. Sometimes lying
 comfortlesse in his bed, he would complain him to the winds
 of his woes, in these or such like words: Forlorne & forlorn,
 since Physick doth loath thee, despair be thy death; Love is
 a God, and despiseth thee a Man: Fortune blind, and can-
 not behold thy deserts: Die, die, faine Menaphon, that un-
 gratefully hast abandoned thy mistress. And therewith
 stretched himself upon his bed, as thinking to have slept, he
 was restrained by cares, that exiled all rest from his eyes:
 whereupo it king his Pipe in his hand, twilt playing and
 singing he plained him thus,

[Menaphons

Menaphons song in his bed.

You restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrapt my Joyes in folds of endlesse woe,
Tie on my heart, and wound it with your spight,
Since Love and Forsune prove my equal foes.

Farewel my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,

Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my Lays.

Mourn heavens, mourn earth, your Shepheard is forlorn,]

Mourn times and houres, since bale invades my bowre,

Curse every tongue the place where I was born,

Curse every thought the life which makes me lowre.

Farewel my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,

Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my Lays.

Was I not free, was I not fancies aim?

Fram'd not desire my face to front disdain?

I was, she did, but now one silly maim

Makes me to droop, as he whom love hath slain.

Farewel my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,

Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my Lays.

Yet drooping and yet living to this death,

I sigh, I sue for pittie at her shrine:

Whose fiery eyes exhale my vital breath,

And make my Flocks with parching heat to pine

Farewel my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,

Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my Lays.

Fade they, die I, long may she live to blisse,

That feeds a fire with fuell of her form:

And makes perpetual Summer where she is,

Whiles I do cry, ore-took with Envies storm.

Farewel my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,

Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my Lays.

So sooner had Menaphon ended this Ditty, but Pefana hearing that he was lately fallen sick, and that Samela and he were at mortall jarres, thinking to make hay while the Sun shined, and take opportunity by her soze-locks, coming into his chamber under pretence to visit him, fell into these terms: *Tell* how now Menaphon, hath your new

change driven you to a night-cap? Believe me this is the strangest effect of love that ever I saw, to freeze so quickly the heart is set on fire so lately. Why may it not be a burning Fever as well (qu. Menaphon blushing?) Nay that cannot be (said Pefana) since you shake for cold, not sweat for heat. Why if it be so, it is long of cold entertainment. Why (said Pefana) hath your hot entertainment cooled your courage? No, but her undescribed hate quite hindered my conquest. You know (said Pefana) where you might have been let in long ere this, without either assault or any such battery. But I perceive for all she hath let you slye like a Hawk that hath lost her tire, yet you mean to follow suit and service, though you get but a handfull of smoke to the bargain. Not so said Menaphon, but perhaps I seek to return an ill bargain as dear as I bought it. If you doe so you are wiser then this kercher she weth you (said Pefana.) Much idle prattle to this end had Menaphon with Pefana in his sicknesse; and long it was not, but that with good diet and warm broths (and especially by her carefull attendance) he began to gather up his crums, and listen by little & little, to the love he late scorned.

I leave we them to their equall desires, and sursetting either of others society, and let us look back to Thebais, where Samel's stripling (now grown up to the age of 16 years) flourisht in honor and feats of arms above all the knights of the Court, insomuch that the echo of his fame was the only news talk on through every towne in Greece. But Olympia the mistress of his prowess (for so was the Kings daughter named) was she that most of all exulted in the far renowned reports of his martial perfections, to whose praise he did consecrate all his endeavours. Therefore on a time sitting with his mistress at supper, when for Table-talk, it was debated amongst them, what Countrey bred the most accomplished Dames for all things? After strangers and others had delivered up their opinions without partiality, one among them all, who had been in Arcadie, gave up his verdict thus freely: Gentlewomen (quoth he) be it no disgrace

grace for the Moon to stop to the Sun: then I hope neither
 the Thessalonians will be moved, nor the Grecians aggrie-
 ved, if I make Apollo's Arcady beauties meridian: Neither
 will I proceed herein as Poets are wont, that muster every
 star in the Zodiack to prove that countrey for beauty most
 canonically, where their mistress abideth when as (God wot)
 had they but learned of Apelles, Ne sutor ultra crepidam,
 they would not have aspired above their birth, nor talked
 beyond their sorterly bringing up. Our Arcadian Nymphs
 are fair and beautifull, though not begotten of the Sunnes
 bright rays. Behold but this counterfeite; (and therewithall
 he shewed the picture of Samela) and see if it be not of force
 to draw the Sun from his Sphere. Pleusidippus who all
 this while heard his tale with attentive patience, no sooner
 beheld the radiant glory of this resplendent Face; but he ex-
 claimed thus abruptly, O Arcadie Arcadie, Kose-houses
 of Nymphs, and nursery of beauty. At which words O-
 lympia started up suddenly, as it she a second Juno, had ta-
 ken her Jove in bed with Alcmena, made passage to her che-
 ler in these terms of contempt: Wardesse upstart of I
 know not whence, have y favours of my bounty (not thy de-
 sert) possessed thee with such an over-wearing presumption,
 that thou shouldst be the foremost in derogation of our digni-
 ty, and blaspheming of my beauty: I tell thee miscreant, I
 scorn thy clownish Arcady, with all thy inferior compari-
 sons, as one that prizeth her perfection above any created
 constitution. Pleusidippus upon this speech stood plunged in
 a great perplexity, whether he should excuse himself mildly,
 or take her up roundly: but the latter being more lebell to
 his humor then the former, he began thus to rowze up his
 fury: Disdainful Dame, that upbraidest me with my birth,
 as it were base, know that though my parents and progeny
 are envied by obscurity yet the sparks of renown ascertain
 my soul I am the son of no cowards, but a gentleman; but
 sith my inequality of parentage is such an eye-sore to thee,
 take thy favours (and therewith he threw her globe) and im-
 mortalise whom thou wilt with thy toyes for I will to
 Arcadia,

Arcady, either to seek out mischance or a new mistress. With this he rose from the board, & would have mounted himself to depart, had not the Noblemen there present dissuaded him. But this coming to the Kings ear, he took pains to go to the chamber where they were, and finding his daughter perplexed with the thoughts of Pleusidippus departure, her eyes red, & her cheeks blubbered with tears, he took her up in this manner: Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the object of your eye, as you might have every way honored as the Lord of your life, and not have controlled as the state of your lust. Did I therefore grace him with my countenance, that you should disdain him with your taunts? I advise thee on my displeasure, either reconcile thy self betimes, & reform thy irreverent terms, or I will disclaim to thee the love of a Father. Olympia took these words more unkindly then all her former bitterness, nevertheless she humbled her self so far as she might with modesty, and desired the best interpretation of what was past. Pleusidippus whose courteous inclination could not withstand this submission, in sign of reconciliation, gave her a stoccado des labres: yet was he not so reconciled, but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcady; whereat Olympia (though she grudged inwardly, yet being loath to offend) held her peace, and determined to bestow upon him a remembrance, whereby he might think on her in his absence; which was the device of a bleeding heart floating in the sea-waves, curiously wrought in gold, with this Motto about it: portum aut mortem, alluding as it seemed, to the device in his shield, wherein (because it was taken up by Eurilochus on the shore) was cunningly drawn in a field Argent; the sea waves with Venus sitting on the top, in token that his affection was already settled. Where hold this said she, my sweet Pleusidippus, and hang it about thy neck, that when thou art in Arcadie, it may enter into thy eye, so shall those drops of ruth that paint out a painful truth, withdraw thy fancy from attracting strange beauty. Which said, the tears gush from her eyes, and Agamors likewise, who gave him nothing so much in charge as to make hast of his return.

return. Pleudippus brake off such ceremonies and hasted a shipboard in a Bark bound for Arcady, having the wind favourable, made a short cut; so as in a day and a nights sailing, he arrived on the shores joyning to the Promontory where he, his mother, and Lamedon were first wrecked.

Leave we him wandering with some few of his train that came with him along the sea sides, to seek some town or village to refresh themselves, and let us a while to the Court of Democles, where our History began, who having committed his daughter with her tender babe, her husband Maximinus, and Lamedon his uncle, without Dare or Mariner, to the fury of the merciless waves, determined to leave the succession of his kingdom to uncertain chance: for his Queen, with Sophistia's loss (whom she deemed to be dead) took such thought, hat within short time after she died. Democles spending his time Epicure-like in all kind of pleasures; so as for his dissolute life he seemed another Heliogabalus, deriving his security from that grounded tranquillity which made it proverbiall, No Heaven but Arcady. Having spent many years in this variety of variety, Fame sounding in his ear the the singular beauty of his daughter Semela: he although he were an old colt, yet had not cast all his wanton teeth which made him steal from the Court secretly in the habit of a shepherd, to seek out Semela, who not a little proud of her new flock, liked more contentedly, then if she had been Queen of Arcady, and Melicertus joying that she was parted from Menaphon, used e every day to visit her, and court her in such shepherds terms as he used, which how they pleased her, I leave to you to imagine, when as not long after she took marriage to him solemnly, but not to be solemnized till the prophesie was fulfilled, mentioned in the beginning of this history. Although this perance exceded the limits of his patience yet hoping that the Oracle was not uttered in vain, and might as well be accomplished in him as in any other, he was contented to await the utmost of his destiny. But Pleudippus, who by this time had perfected his politics, exchanging his garments with one of the herd-graues of Menaphon, tracing o'er the plains in the habit of a shepherd, chanced to meet with Democles, whom mistaking for an old Shepherd, he

asked him if he knew Samela's Shepfold: who answering doubtfully made him half angry; and had not Samela passed by at that instant, he should like enough have had first handseil of our new Shepheares Shephok. But the wonder of her beauty so wrought with his wounded fancy, that he thought Report a partial spreaser of her praise, and Fame too base to talk of such forms. Samela espying this fair Shepheares so far over-gone in his gazing, stept to him, & asked him if he knew her, that he so overløkt her: Parson me fair Shephardesse, saies Pleusidippus, if it be a fault, for I cannot chuse being Eagle-sighted, but gaze on the Sun the first time I see it. Nay, not unlike (qd. Samela) for else out of doubt you would have seen your way better. Why (qd. Pleusidippus) I cannot go out of the way when I meet with such glittering goddesses in my way. I am not so farre out of my Arithmetick, but that by multiplication I can make two of one in an hours warning, or be as good as a cypher to fill up a place at the worst hand: for my wit sufficeth be it never so simple, to prove both re and voce, that there can be no vacuum in rerum natura: & mine eyes or else they deceive me, will enter so far in Art, as niger est contrarius albo, and teach me how to discern twixt black and white.

Such other circumstance of discourse passed between them, which the Arcadian Records do not shew, nor I remember: sufficeth he pleaded love, & was repulst; which drove him into such a choler, that meeting his supposed Shepheard, who lying under a bush, had all this while over-heard them, he entred into high terms of indignation with him. Wherefore Democles seeing Pleusidippus repulst, began to cast over his bad penning words in whose face age had furrowed her wrinkles, except he should lay his crown down at her feet, and tell her he was King of Arcady; which in the Common-wealths respect, seeming not commodious, he thought to turn a new lease, and make this young Shepheard a means to perfect his purpose. He had not far from that place a Strong Castle, which was inhabited as then by none but Tifsmen and Heard-grooms: thither did he perswade Pleusidippus to carry her perforce; who listning to this counsell, that was never plotted for his advantage, presently put in practise what he of late gave in precepts, and waiting

till

till the evening that Samela should fold her sheep, having given his men the watch-word he mounted her behind him; and being by Democles directed to the Castle, he made such harocke among the stubbozn Sheardsmen, that will they will they, he was Lord of the Castle. Yet might not this prebail with Samela, who constant to her old sheppard, would not entertaine any new love: which made Pleusidippus think all his his harvest lost in the reaping.

But Democles that lookt for a Mountain of Gold in a Mole-hill, finding her alone, began to discourse his love in more ample manner then ever Pleusidippus, telling her how he was a King, what his revenues were, what power he had to advance her, with many other proud vaunts of his wealth and treasure. Samela hearing the name of a King, and perceiving him to be her father, stood amazed & blushing oft with intermingled sighs, began to think how injurious Fortune was to her in such a father; but he hot-spur'd in his purpose, gave her no time to consider of the matter, but required either a quick consent, or a present deniall. She told him that the sheppard Melicertus was already intitled in the interest of her beauty, wherefore it was in vain what he or any other could plead in the way of persuasion.

He thereupon entred into a large field of the basenesse of Shepheards, and Royalties of Kings, with many other assembled arguments of delight: but Samela ashamed so long to hold party with her father about such a matter, flung away to her withdrawing chamber in a dissembled rage, and there after her wonted manner, bewailed her misfortunes.

Democles plunged thus in a labyrinth of restless passions, seeing Melicertus figure was so deeply printed in the center of her thoughts, as whether the resolution of his fancy, his Potamorphosis from a King to a Traveller, Crowns, Kingdoms, perfections, could win upon her, hearing that the Arcadian shepheards were in an uprore for the losse of their beautifull shepherdesse, his hot love changing into disdaine, he intended by some revenge, either to obtain his love, or satisfie his hate: whereupon thoroughly resolved, he stole away secretly in his shepheards apparrell, and got him down to the plains, where he

found all the swains in a mutiny about the recovery of their beautifull Paragon. Democles stopping amongst the robot, demanded the cause of their controverſie. Mary ſir (quoth Doron bluntly) the flower of all our Garland is gone. How mean you that ſir, quoth he? We had answered Doron, an ſwee amongſt our Rams, whoſe ſkere was as white as y hairs that grow on ſather Koreas chin. This Paragon, this non-ſuch, this Miſtris of our flocks, was by a willie Fox ſtolne from our folds, for which theſe ſhepheards aſſemble themſelves to recover ſo wealthy a prize. What is he (qd. Menaphon) that Doron is in ſuch debate with. Fellow canſt thou tell us any news of the ſair ſhepheardeſſe that the Theſſalian knight hath carried away from her fellow-nymphs? Democles thinking to take opportunity by the ſore-head, and ſeingtime had ſeaſtered his bolt, willing to aſſay as he might to hit the mark, began thus, Shepheards you ſee my profeſſion is your trade, and although my wandring fortunes be not like your home-boyn labours, yet were I in the groves of Theſſalian Tempe, as I am in the plains of Arcady, the ſwains would give me as many due honors, as they preſent you here with ſubmiſſe reverence. Beauty, that drew Apollo from heaven to play the Shepheards, brought me from Theſſaly to ſeed mine eyes with Arcadies wonder: ſtepping alongſt the ſhore to come to ſome ſheep-coat, where my weary limbs might have reſt, Love that for my labours thought to lead me to Fancies pavillion, was my conduct to a Caſtle, where a Theſſalian knight lies in hold: the Porticullis was let down, the Bridge drawn, the Court of Guard kept; thither I went, and beſeaule by my tongue I was known to be a Theſſalian, I was entertained and lodged. The knight whoſe years are young and valour matchleſſe, holding in his arms a Lady more beautifull then Loves Queen, all blubbered with tears, asked me many queſtions, which as I might I replies unto: but while he talkt, my eye ſurſeiting with ſuch excellence, was detained upon the glorious ſhew of ſuch a ſconderfull object; I demanded what ſhe was of the ſtanders by, and they ſaid ſhe was the ſaire Shepheardeſſe whom the knight had taken from the ſwains of Arcady, and would carry with the firſt wind that ſerved, into Theſſaly:

This

This (Shepheards) I know, and grieve that this your loves
 be over-matcht by Fortune, and your affections pull'd back
 by contrariety of Destiny. Melicertus hearing this, the fire
 sparkling out of his eyes, began thus: I tell thee Shepheard,
 if Fate or Fortune determine to deprive Arcadia of the beau-
 tifull Samela, we would with our blood signe such Spels on
 the plains, that either our Gods should summon her to Elizium,
 or the rest with us fortunate: the Shepheards are up in arms
 to revenge, only it rests who shall have the honor of the Field.
 What needs that question (qd. Menaphon) am not I a Kings
 Shepheard, and chief of all the Swains of Arcadia? I grant it
 quoth Melicertus, but am not I a Gentleman though tired in a
 shepheards skin-coat, superiour to thee in birth, though equall
 now in profession? Well, from words they had salu to blows,
 had not the shepheards parted. And for avoiding of further
 troubles, it was agreed that they should in two Eclogues make
 description of their loves: and Democles to be Arbitrator, and
 who best could decipher his Pistris perfection, should be Ge-
 nerall of the rest. To which they both condescended, and De-
 mocles sitting as a Judge, the rest of the shepheards standing
 as witnesses, Menaphon began thus.

Menaphons Eclogue

TOo weak the wit too slender is the brain,
 That means to mark the power and worth of Love,
 No one that lives, (except he hap to prove)
 Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret pain.

Yet I that have been prentice to the grief,
 Like to the cunning Sea-man from a fer
 By gesse will take the beauty of that star,
 Whose influence must yeeld me chief relief

You Censors of the glory of my Dear,
 With reverence and lowly bent of knee,
 Attend and mark what her perfections be,
 For in my words my fancies shal appear,
 Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wooll
 That *Jason* with his *Grecian* mates atchiev'd;
 As pure as gold yet not from gold deriv'd,
 As full of sweets, as sweetest of sweets is full,

Her brows are pretty tables of conceit,
Where Love his Records of delight doth quoad :
On them her dallying locks do daily float,
As Love full oft doth feed upon the bait.

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights,
That animate the Sun, or clear the day :
In whom the shining Sun-beams brightly play,
Whiles fancy doth on them divine delights.

Her cheeks like ripened Lillies steep in wine,
Or fair Pomagranad kernels washt in milk :
Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,
Or gorgeous clouds upon the Suns decline.

Her lips like Roses overwasht with dew,
Or like the purple of *Narcissus* flower :
No frost their fair, no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.

Her cristall chin like to the purest mold,
Enchas'd with daintiest daisies soft and white,
Where fancies fair pavillion once was pight,
Whereas embas'd his beauties he doth hold,

Her neck like to an Ivory-shining tower,
Where through with azure veins sweet Nectar runs,
Or like the Down of Swans where *Senes*se wonnes,
Or like delight that doth it self devour.

Her paps are like fair apples in the prime,
As round as Orient pearls, as soft as Down :
They never veil their fair through winters frown,
But from their sweets Love suckt his Summer time.

Her body's beauties best esteemed Bower.
Delicious, comely, dainty, without stain,
The thought wherof (not toucht) hath wrought my pain
Whose fair all fair and beauties doth devour.

All you that heare, let not my filly stile
Condemne my zeale; for what my tongue should say,
Serves to enforce my thoughts to seek the way
Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.

Seld speaketh Love, but sighs his secret pains,
Tears are his Truce-men, words do make him tremble:

How

How sweet is love to them that can dissemble
In thoughts and looks, till they have reapt the gain?

After the hapless Memaphon had ended this discourse
Melicertus began in this sort.

Melicertus Eclogue.

WHat needs compare where sweet exceeds compare?
who draws his thoughts of love from senseless things.
Their pomp and greatest glory doth impair,
And mount Loves heaven with over-laden wings.

But he that hath the feeling taste of love,
Derives his essence from no earthly joy:
A weak conceit his power cannot approve
For earthly thoughts are subject to annoy.

Apollo when my Mistress first was born,
Cut off his locks and left them on her head,
And said I plant these wiers in Natures scorn,
Whose beauty shall appear when time is dead.

From forth the Crystal heaven when she was made,
The purity thereof did taint her brow,
On which the glistering Sun that sought the shade.
Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.

Those eyes, fair eyes, too fair to be describ'd,
Were those that erst the Chaos did reform,
To whom the heavens their beauties have ascrib'd,
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worm,

When first her fair delicious cheeks were wrought:
Aurora brought her blush, the Moon her white,
Both so combin'd as pass'd Natures thought,
Compil'd those pretty Orbs of sweet delight.

When love and Nature once were proud with play,
From both their lips her lips the corall drew.
On them doth fancy sleep, and every day
Doth swallow joy, such sweet delights to view.

Once *Venus* dream'd upon two pretty things,
Her thoughts they were affections chiefest nests,
She suckt and sigh'd, and bath'd her in the springs,
And when she wak'd, they were my Mistress breasts.

Once *Cupid* sought a hold to couch his kisses,

And

And found the body of my best belov'd
 Wherein he clos'd the beauty of his blisses,
 And from that bower can never be remov'd.

The Graces erst when *Alcedelian* springs
 Were waxen dry, perhaps did find her fountain
 Within the Bower of blisse, where *Cupid's* wings
 Did shield the Nectar fleeing from the mountain,

Sweet Natures pomp, if my deficient phrase
 Hath stain'd thy glories by too little skil,
 Yeeld pardon though mine eyes that long did gaze
 Hath left no better pattern to my quill.

I wil no more, no more I wil detain
 Your listning ears with dalliance of my tongue,
 I speak my joyes but yet conceal my pain,
 My pain too old, although my years but young.

As soon as Melicertus had ended this Eclogue, they expected the doom of Democles, who hearing the sweet description wherein Melicertus describes his *Mistress*, wondered that such rare conceits could be harboured under a *Shepherds* gray clothing, at last he made this answer. Arcadian Swains, whose wealth is Content, whose labours are tempered with sweet loves, whose minds aspire not; since fortune hath rest you of your fair shepherdesse, one of you as Champion must lead the rest to revenge, both as desirous to shew your valour, forwardnesse in affection, and yet (as I said) one to be whole Chieftain of the train; I award to Melicertus that honor (as to him that hath most curiously portrayed out his *Mistress* excellence) to bear the supremacy. At this Metaphon grudged, and Melicertus was in an extasse of joy, so that gathering all his forces together of stout shepherds amounting to the number of two hundred; he apparelled himself in armour, colourables as mourning for his mistress. Thus marched Melicertus forward with old Democles the supposed shepherd, till they came to the castle where Plesidippus & Samela were. As soon as they came there, Melicertus begirt the castle with such a siege as so many *shepish* Cavaliers could furnish: which when he had done, he summoned them in the Castle to a parly: the young knight slept upon the walls, and seeing such a crew of

of rustick companions, fell into a great laughter, saying, Why what strange metamorphosis is this? Are the Plains of Arcadie lately filled with labourers, now overlaid with lances? Are shep transformed into men, & Swains into Souldiers, and a wandring company of poore shepheards into a troop of resolute Champions: no doubt, either Pan means to play the god of war, or else these be but such men as rose out of $\frac{1}{2}$ teeth of Cadmus. Now I see the beginning of your wars, and the pretended end of your stratagems. As the Græks had a madding humor to seek for the recovery of Helena, so you for the regaining of fair Samela. Here she is shepheards, and I a Priam to defend her with resistance of a ten years siege: yet I should be loath to have any Castle sackt, I pray you tell me which is Agamemnon? Melicertus hearing the youth speaking thus proudly, having the sparks of honor smothered under the cinders of poverty, incited with love and valor, answered thus: Unknown pessenger of Thessaly, if the fear of thy hardy deeds were like thy threats, we would thinke the castle of longer siege then either our ages would permit, or our valour adventure: But where the thers is most shallow, there the water breaks most high. For proof whereof, seeing thou hast made a rape of faire Samela. one of her vowed shepherds is come for the safety of her sweet self to challenge thee to single combat: if thou overcome me, thou shalt freely passe with $\frac{1}{2}$ sheheardesse to Thessaly: if I vanquish thee, thou shalt feele the burden of thy rashnesse, and Samela the sweetnesse of her liberty. Pleusidippus marvelled at the resolution of the shepherd: but when Democles heard how if he won, she should be transported into Thessaly, a world of sorrows tumbled in his brain, and studied how to stay Samela: for when Pleusidippus was ready to throw down his gantlet, & to accept of the combat, Democles kept up, & spake thus: worthy mirrors of magnanimity, whose thoughts are abowe your fortunes, know that fruits soon ripe, are quickly rotten, that deeds done in haste, are repented at leisure. When brave men in so weighty a cause, let not one minute begin and end the quarrell; but use delay in such dangerous exploits, defer it some three days and then in solemn manner end the combat. To this good motion not onely Pleusidip-

us and Melicertus agreed, but all the company were consenting, and upon pledges of truce given they rested. But Democles seeing in covert he could not conquer he dispatcht Letters to the Nobility of his Court, with strait charge, y^e they should be in that place within thre dayes with ten thousand strong. This news came no sooner to the Generall of his forces, but leaping so many approb'd souldiers, he marched secretly by night to the place Democles had prescribed, and there joyfully entertained by the King, they were placed in ambush, ready when y^e signall should be given, to issue out & perform their Sovereigns command. Well, the third day being come, no sooner did the Sun arise, but these two Champions were ready in the Lists, accompanied with all the Arcadian shepheards, and old Democles whom they had appointed for one of the Judges. Pleusidippus seeing Melicertus advance on his shield the waves of the sea, with a Venus sitting upon them, marvelled what the shepheards should be that gave this Arms, and Melicertus was as much amazed to see a strange Thessalian knight vault his arms without difference: yet being so fraught with revenge, y^e they fell to blows. Samela standing on the top of a turret and viewing the combat, the poore Lady greeving that for her cause such a combat should arise in Arcadie, she began to breath out her passion; Unfortunate Samela, born to mis-haps, destined to sinister fortunes, whose blooms were ripened to mischance, & whose fruit is like to wither in despaire, in thy youth fate Discontent pruning her self in thy forehead, now in thy age Sorrow hides her self amongst the wrinkles of thy face. Thus art thou unfortunate in the prime, and crossed with contrary accidents in thy Autumne, as haplesse as Helena, to have the burden of wars laid on the wings of thy beauty. And who must be the Champion? Whose sword must pierce the helmet of thine enemy? Whose blood must purchase the freedom of Samela but Melicertus? If he conquer, then Samela triumphs; if he lose, every drop falling from his wounds into the center of his thoughts, as it is death to him, so shall it be to me the end of my lobes, my life and my liberty. As still she was about to go forward in her passion, the trumpet sounded, and they fell to fight in such furious sort, as the Arcadians and

Democles

Democles himself wondered to see the courage of the shepherds that he tied the Knight to such a sore task. Pleusidippus likewise seeing with what courage the Knight of the Shepherds fought, began to fear the event of the combat. On the contrary part Melicertus half wearied with the heavy blows of Pleusidippus stood in a maze how so young a man should be so expert in his weapons.

Thus debating diversly in their thoughts, at length being both weary they slept back, and leaning on their swords, took breath and gazing each on other. At last Pleusidippus burst into these speeches; Shepherd in life, though now a Gentle man in armor, if thy degree be better, I glory, I am not disgraced with the combat: Tell me, how darest thou so far wrong me as to bear mine Arms on thy shield? Bold youth (quod Melicertus) thou liest, they be mine own; and thou, contrary to the law of Arms, bearest my crest without difference, in which quarrel, seeing it concerneth my honor, I will revenge it: and with that he gave such a charging blow at Pleusidippus helm, that he had almost overturn'd him. Pleusidippus left not the blow unrequited, but doubled his force: insomuch that the hazard of the battell was doubtfull, and both of them were faine to take breath again. Democles seeing his time, that both of them were so weakned, gave the watch-word, & the ambush leapt out, slew many of the shepherds, put the rest to flight, took the two Champions prisoners, and lading th Cattle, carried them and Samela to his Court, letting the shepherdesse have her liberty, but putting Melicertus and Pleusidippus into a deep and dark Dungeon,

Where leaving these passionate lovers in this Catastrophe, turn we again to Doron, who having been long enamoured of Carmela, much good wiving past betwixen them, and yet little speeding: at last, both of them met hard by the Promontory of Arcadie, she leading forth her sheep and he going to see his new weaned lambs. As soon as they met, breaking a few quarter-blows with such country glances as they could, they eyed one at another lovingly. At last Doron manfully began thus.

Carmela, by my troth good morrow, it is as dainty to see you abroad, as to eat a messe of sweet milk in July; you are proved

Such a house-dove of late, that no man my see you under a couple of Capons; the Church-yard my stand long enough ere you will come to look on it, and the Piper may beg for every penny he gets out of your purse: but it is no matter, you are in love with some stout ruffler, & yet poor folks, such as I am, must be content with porridge: and with that, turning his back, he smiled in his sleeve, to see how kindly he had given her the bob, which Carmela seeing, she thought to be even with him thus.

Indeed Doron you say wel, it is long since we met, and our house is a grange house to you: but we have tied up the great Dog, and when you come you shall have green rushes, you are such a stranger. But it is no matter, soon hot soon cold, he that mingles himself with drasse, the hogs will eat him: and she that layes her love on an unkind man, shall find sorrow enough to eat her sops withall. And with that Carmela was so full she mackt that she wept.

Doron to shew himself a natural young man, gave her a set of kind kisses to comfort her, & swore that she was the woman he loved best in the world; and for proof (qu. he) thou shalt heare what I will promise: and you (qu. she) what I will perform. An so taking hands in hand, they kindly sate them down, and began to discourse their loves in these Eclogues

Dorons Eclogu's joyned with Carmelas.

Sit down Carmela, here are cubs for Kings,
Sloes black as Jet, or like my Christmas shoots,
Sweet Sider which my leathern Bottle brings:
Sit down Carmela, let me kisse thy toes.

Carmela

Ah Doron, ah my heart thou art as white
As is my mothers calf, or brinded cow,
Thine eys are like the slow-worms in the night,
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my fathers wain:
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mothers fat and kitchen gain,

Ah leave my toe, and kisse my lips my love,
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee:

VVithin

Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my glove,
At football sport thou shalt my Champion be.

Doron.

Carmela dear, even as the golden Ball
That *Venus* got, such are thy goodly eyes,
Where cherries juice is jumbled therewithall:
Thy breath is like the steam of apple pies.

Thy lips resemble two Cowcumbers fair.
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air
Would God thy toes, thy lips and all were mine.

Carmela,

Doron what thing doth move this wishing grief?

Doron.

Tis love *Carmela*, ah tis cruell Love,
That like a slave, and caitiffe villain thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for my behove,

Carmela.

Where was he born?

Doron.

In faith I know not where,
But I have heard much talking of his Dart:
Ay me poor man with many a trickling teare,
I feel him wound me deeply at my heart.
What do I love? O no, I do but talk.
What, shal I die for love? O no, not so:
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walk.
Come kisse *Carmela*, and confound my woe.

Carmela,

Even with this kisse, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet Indentures of delight,
Before I break my vow the gods forbid
No not by day, nor yet by dark some night.

Doron.

Even with this Garland made of Holly-hocks,
I crosse thy brows from every shepheards kisse:
Hey ho, how glad am I to touch those locks,
My frolick heart even now a freeman is,

Carmela

Carmela,

I thank you *Doron*, and will think on you,
 I love you *Doron*, and will wink on you :
 I seal your Chapter parent with my thumbs,
 Come kiss and part for fear my mother comes.

Thus ended this merry Eclogue betwixt *Doron* and *Carmela*.

After which they plighted faith and troth, and *Carmela* very briskly wiping her mouth with a white Apron, sealed it with a kisse, which *Doron* taketh marvellous kindly. After a little playing loth to depart, they both went about their businessse.

Leaving them therefore to their businessse, we come again to *Democles*, who seeing no intreaties would serve to persuade *Samela* to love, assayed her with crowns and threats, but all in vain: For *Samela*, first restrained by nature, in that he was her Father; and secondly, by love, in that *Melicertus* lay imprisoned onely for her sake, stood still so stiff to her tackling, that *Democles* changing love into hate, resolved to revenge that with death, which no means else might satisfie: so he to colour his frauds withall, he gave *Samela* free leave to visit *Melicertus*; which she had not long done, but that by the instigation of the old King, the Taylor confederate to his treachery, accuseth her of adultery. Whereupon without further witness they both were condemned to die. These two Lovers knowing themselves guiltlesse in this surmised faction, were joyfull to end their loves with their lives. But *Democles* set free *Pleusidippus*, as afraid lest the King of *Thessaly* would revenge the wrong of his Knight, entertaining him with such sumptuous banquets as befitte so brave and worthy a Gentleman. The day prefixed came, wherein these parties should die. *Samela* was so desirous to end her life with her friend, that she would not reveale either unto *Democles* or *Melicertus*, who she was: and *Melicertus* rather chose to die with his *Samela*, then once to name himselfe *Maximius*.

Both thus resolved, were brought to the place of execution, and *Pleusidippus* sitting on a Scaffold with *Democles* seeing *Samela* come forth like the blushing *Poyning* felt an un-

corth passion in his mind, and Nature began to enter combat
 with his Thoughts: Not love but reverence; not fancie, but
 feare began to assail him, insomuch that he turned to the King
 and said, Is it not pittie Democles that such Divine Beauty
 should be wrapt in cinders? So (quoth Democles) where the
 anger of a King must be satisfied. At this answer Pleusidip-
 pus wrapt his face in his cloak and wept, & all the Assistants
 grieved to see so faire a creature subject to the violent rage of
 Fortune. Well, Democles commanded the Deathsman to
 do his devoyze, who knœling down and crating pardon, ready
 to giue Melicertus the fatall stroke, there stept out an old wo-
 man attired like a Prophetesse, who cryed out, Villain hold
 thy hand, thou wrongest the daughter of a King. Democles
 hearing the out-cry, and seeing that at that word the people be-
 gan to mutiny and murmur, demanded of the old Woman
 what she meant. Now quoth she, Democles, is the Delphian
 Oracle performed, Neptune hath yelded up the Worlds
 Wonder, and that is young Pleusidippus, Nephew to the,
 and son to faire Scephstia, who here standeth under the name
 of Samela, cast upon the Promontory of Arcadia with her
 young son, where she as a Shepherdesse hath lived in labours
 tempered with loves: her son laying on y^e shore was conveyed
 be certain Pirats into Thessaly; where (when as he was sup-
 posed every way to be dead) doing deeds of Chivalry, he fulfil-
 led the prophesie: your Highnesse giving the Lyon, was the
 guide unto the Lambs in dissembling your self a sheheard:
 The Planets resting upon the Hills, was the picture of Venus
 upon their Crests: and the Seas that had neither Ebbe nor
 Tide, was the combat betwixt the Father and the Son that
 gave the waves of the Seas in their Shields, not able to van-
 quish one another, but parting with equall victory. For
 know (Democles) this Melicertus is Maximus, twice betro-
 thed to Scephstia, and Father to young Pleusidippus. Now
 therefore the Oracle fulfilled, is the happy time wherein Ar-
 cadia shall live in peace. At this the people gave a great
 shout, and the old woman vanished. Democles as a man ra-
 vishd with an extasie of sudden joy, sat still, and stared in
 the face of Scephstia: Pleusidippus in all duty leapt from his
 seat.

seat, and went and covered his mother with his robe, crating
 pardon for the fondnesse of his incestuous affection,
 and kneeling at his Fathers feet, was sorrowfull in that he
 had drawn his sword and sought his life that first in the world
 gave him life. Maximius look't on his wife, and seeing by the
 lineaments of her face that it was Sephestia, fell about her
 neck, and both of them weeping in the bosome of their sonne,
 shed tears for joy to see so brave a Gentleman. Democles all
 this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses toge-
 ther, seeing his daughter revived, whom so cruelly for the love
 of Maximius he had banished out of his confines, Maximius
 in safety, and the child a matchlesse paragon of approved chi-
 valry, he leapt from his seat, & embraced them all with tears,
 craving pardon of Maximius and Sephestia: and to shew that
 the outward object of his watry eyes, had a sympathy with the
 inwards passion of his heart, he impalled the head of his yong
 Nephew Pleusidippus with the Crowne and Diadem of Ar-
 cadie. And because his brother Lamedon had in all distresses
 not left his daughter Sephestia, he took the matter so kindly,
 that he reconciled himself unto him, and made him Duke in
 Arcadie. The successe of this fore-rehearsed Catastrophe
 growing so comickall, they all concluded after the solemnizing
 of the coronation, which was made famous with the excellent
 deeds of many worthy Cavaliers, to passe into Thessaly, to
 contract the marriage betwixt pleusidippus and the daughter
 of the Thessalian King. Which newes spread through Ar-
 cadia as a wonder, and it came at last to Menaphons ears, who
 hearing the high parentage of his supposed Camilla, seeing his
 passions were too aspiring, and that with those ravening
 wolves he barked against the Moon, he left such lettice as were
 to fine for his lips, and courted his old Love Petana, to whom
 shortly after he was married. And lest there should be left any
 thing unperfect in this Pastoral accident, Doron smug'd him-
 self up, and contracted marriage with his old friend Camilla.

FINIS.

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